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THE
SPANIARD:
OR,

Don Zara del Fogo:

Translated from the Original Spanish
By BASILIUS MUSOPHILUS.

With Notes to Explain the true Meaning of
the AUTHOR.

With a most Ingenious Dedication to the WORLD.

Si foret in Terris rideret Democritus



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. CHETWOOD, at *Cato's-Head* in *Russel-
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Speedily will be Publish'd, *Love in Excess; Or, The
Fatal Enquiry; A Novel.*

SPANISH

Don Juan de los Rios

Translated from the Original Spanish

With Notes to the English Edition

By J. M. de los Rios





TO THE
Most Knowing World.

SIR, or MADAM,



EDICATIONS now

a-days —————

—————

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—————

behoving —————

—————

————— A 2 ————— are

DEDICATION.

are in _____
_____ the Nature _____
to which _____
_____ as _____

But I shall trouble you no farther,
I only beg Leave to Subscribe my Self
your most Obedient Humble Servant,

BASILIVS MUSOPHILVS:



THE



THE
SPANIARD;
OR,
Don Zara del Fogo:

CHAP. I.

*Don Zara his Descent : The description of his Shield,
and Martial Furniture : His Invocation, and set-
ting forth to seek Adventures.*

IT was now about that mungrel Hour
when the black-brow'd Night, and
grey-ey'd Morning strove for Superio-
rity, when the Mirror of Martial Spi-
rits, *Don Zara del Fogo* sweeping the
Somniferous God from off his ample front with
that Broom of Heaven his face-pounding fist, en-
tered

tred into serious Contemplation of the renowned Acts of his most Noble Ancestors, *Tristram* the Terrible, and the great *Lancelot of the Lake*, so ravishing were those Heroick Rhapsodies, that (upon mature chew of the cud) the Champion began to tax himself of tardity, as not having accumulated that Fame, which at the price of so * eminent dangers he had so hotly hunted after; this second cogitation had but a while combated with the first, when he summons the Squire of his Body *Soto*, who lay soundly sleeping at his Beds feet, commanding him (since himself never knew Letters) to read the Chronicle History of *St. George*, who bathed his Body in the bloody howels of a fell Dragon, or the like Atchievement of *Sir Elamore*, or the hard Quest of *Sir Tapaz* after the Queen of *Elues* to *Barwick*, or of *Sir Guy*, and the fierce Boar of *Boston*; *Sir*, quoth *Soto* (who had hardly gain'd fight enough to see his Master) you were wont to take great pleasure in hearing the redoubted Adventures of *Sir Bevis*, surnamed *Southampton*, and *The Knight of the Sun*; that, that quoth the Knight of the Suns Actions would put fire into a flint stone, animate a Log, and make a wooden Leg to walk; *Soto* had not long led his Master by the large Ears, († for our Champion boasted a long link'd Genealogie from the *Phrygian* King *Midas*, hundred fourscore and fourteen Descents by the Father's Side) but suddenly deserting his Bed,

* See the Legend of *Don Sordido* Knight of the Dripping-pan, written by the Author of a thousand and one Stories.

† *Don Zora* descended of the stock of Kings. See *Cambd. Avisoe*.

Bed, he seized (* all naked as he was) on his naked Sword, that Thunder-crack of Terror *Slay-a-Cow*, the very same that he lately won on *Monta-Mole-bill* from the great Gyant *Pbrenedcrenobroso*, the Son of *Pediculo*, and leaning thereon like the legitimate Heir of *Mars*, he very attentively hoarded up the Treasures of true Magnanimity. At every close where the Knight either wounded the Gyant, or rescued the Lady, in token of the ardency he bare to such illustrious Acts, he gave liberty to his Nails to bring blood from either Buttock, for such was the rankness of his courage, that not only his Soul, but his Skin had a perpetual itching after honourable Attempts, augmented by a Herd of small Cattel, which some Authors will have to be the Genuises of deceased Worthies, all writing upon this Man of Men, which I confess † I cannot credit since it was *Soto's* Custom (in order to his Master's special command) every Morning to kill some of them; but the cheerful Lady of the Light, old *Tythons* tender-skin'd Madam appearing, our Champion, commanded his trusty Squire to buckle on his Armour; too long (quoth he) have we || Padlock'd *Fames* Tongue, not administering any little tattle to that tell-tale Goddess; *Soto* amaz'd at his Master's mood, soon girds that Sword about him which had often made Head-strong-Gyants to reel, the flinty-edg'd *Slay-a-Cow*, putting a Buckler fashioned like a Spanish-Ruff

B 2

(full

* For it was the Custom of the Knights of that Age to wear no Shirts.

† This is spoken with all reverence to Antiquity, which we ought not lightly to question.

|| This needs no Clavis.

(full half-yard deep) about his Neck, in which with wondrous Art was pourtray'd the thrice famous Story of that renowned Combat between those two Arcadian Hero's, *Clinias* and *Dametas*, as I have seen those pair of Champions * drawn to the life in Canvas against the Walls of a mean Mansion made for good fellowship; those Bucklers that † *Homer* and *Virgil* have fashioned for *Achilles* and *Aeneas*, were but the varnishes of some Indian Hand compared with this rare piece of Sculpture, about the Reverse whereof was this Distich (which some attribute to *Linus*, others to *Hesiod*) engraven,

*This Shield by Vulcan was in Lemnos forged,
That it might serve Don Zara for a Gorget,*

His Mace ‖ bearing the figure of a Cambrian Fig, *Soto* hanged at his Saddle-bow, for he had abjured the use of a Spear, since that fatal Tournament in *Utopia*, when a splinter of his Lance forced itself against the Face of the truly Sanctimonious Matron *Bawd-whore-a*; then seating himself on the back of good Steed *Founder-foot* (a Horse not to be better'd in *Phabus* Stable for the flownce or the frisk, and all the fashions of a prancing Palfray) he appointed *Soto* to Lackquay by his side, commit-

* Whether by *Vandike*, or *Hilliard*, is not certainly known.

† Two excellent Forgers.

‖ Enigmatically, intimating that he cared not a fig for the stoutest Antagonist.

committing himself to the guidance of Fortune: So to was armed (not so much for his own Preservation as his Lord's defence) with an * Ashen plant, made tough by time, and pointed with Steel, his Brain was bound about with a *Monmouth* Turband, and his Back and Brest bulwark'd with impenetrable Past-board; so that he who had seen our Champion and his Attendant, could not but have fancied the mighty *Primalion* and his Page, or the famous *Bragadochio* and his Man *Trompart*; nor could the piety of our Champion permit him to castigate his Courser for the mending of his Pace, till he had Offer'd up this solemn Oration to the † Souls of those deceas'd Worthies, whose complicated Lustre creates that splendid Path, called, *The Milky Way*.

O Mervin, Mervin, (*quoth he*) thou mighty Son of the munificent Oger, who at one Stroak didst pare away three Heads from off the Shoulders of an Orke, begotten by an Incubus! Thou George, the great Champion of Christendom (the true Apollo) who for the sake of the Sultain's Daughter, destroyed'st a Python six Acres in length! Thou Amadis de Gaul, who encountred'st with a Dragon and a Devil at once! Thou Palmerin de Oliva, who (by vertue of a Wart on thy Nose) didst so many times pass the Ægean Seas, in a Shallop contriv'd all of Coney-skins! And, thou Errant Knight of the Ruby Rose, look down ye immortal Essences of never dying Fulgor, let your

B 3

Spirits

† This kind of Weapon the old *Romans* termed a Pile; the *Arabians* that Border upon *Italy*, a Javelin; the *Britons* a Half-pike. See Scaliger de usu clubibus, l. 6. p. 10000.

† Some may perhaps gather from hence that our Champion was a Papist, or at least Papistically inclined, but they ought to know that their Opinion is no way warrant-ed by Antiquity.

Spirits be * Centred and Centupled in me, whose
 * Heart is of a Size sufficient to retain all your Excel-
 lencies, and in whose ample Breast there lodges as su-
 blime a Soul as ever yet Nature Coffin'd up in a Carkass,
 compos'd of a Mettle more robust than that of Roderi-
 go, or Rud-Hudrinbrass.

This Ejaculation was no sooner extinguisht, but Soto
 (enamour'd on his Lord's Perfections, as if he had
 been inspir'd by one of *Agrippa's* holy Demons) be-
 gan to shake his Skull very strangely, rowling his
 Eyes like *Abraham* in *Sands's* Show, insomuch that
 our Champion (could it have been possible for that
 thing call'd Fear to build in his Brest) had fled
 from the Face of his faithful Servitor: But to put
 a Period to his Anxiety, Soto thrust forth these
 numbers, in a tone almost equal to † *Stentors*, the
 presages of his Master's incomparable, incompre-
 hensible Performances.

L Ace on thy Helmit, mighty Man of Valour,
 Fortune shall never squeeze thee with her Squalour:
 Pierce Knights and cruel Beasts, with many a Gyant,
 Thy charmed Steel shall make both smooth and plyant;
 The sickle Goddess on thy Horse's Crupra,
 (As her best boast) has fix'd her Nil supra,
 For things beyond belief thou shalt atchieve-a,
 Which shall make after-times to grutch and grieve-a,
 When they shall find thou hast as brave a Plea as
 The great Achilles, and the stout Aeneas:
 O therefore of thy Fame be no neglecter,
 Thou that art born to rival glorious Hector: Were

* Centred and Centupled, meaning Hid and Hindrify'd.

† By this it appears that his Heart was hollow.

* *Stentor* was a Grecian Cryer of the Court, to King
Agamemnon. *Homer Illi.*

*Were there a Troy besieg'd, and thou within it,
Not Greece, nor Gallo-Belgica could win it;
Troilus should live, so Rhæsus and Sarpedon,
Achilles dye on's Wound, and Ajax bleed on:
All that's Magnanimous, or high, or rare-a,
Being lock'd up in the Brest of our Don Zara.*

Heighten'd with this poetical Prophecy (the *British* * Proverb being verified by this brace of brave ones) our Champion already fancied himself fighting with *Gogmagog*, or *Gargantua*, for the moiety of the Universe; but so unfortunate was he this very first Day of his most Memorable Resolve, that desired Adventures offer'd it self, neither fierce *Lyon*, nor furious *Bear*, yelling *Dragon*, foaming *Boar*, or angry *Antelope*, no perjur'd Knight to fight withal, or injur'd Lady to infranchise, no Magical Wharf, so that the Champion did not causelessly Curse so calm a Climate, that afforded no viands for Valour to feed on. Thus chewing the Cud of Courage, he rode on in much Vexation, till the approaching Night warn'd him to take Shelter, which Fortune favourably allotted him, for at the foot of a huge Mountain, whose head knock'd against the Clouds, a * Cottage with a † chequer'd Portal, Periwig'd with Thatch, and lin'd with Mud, offer'd it self for his Entertainment, its course out-side was no less then a corasive

B 4 to

* Trim tram, &c.

† This was something too mean a Réceptacle for so accomplished an Hero.

|| Called in old time a red Lettice, the Signal of something that tends to good Fellowship. See *Causabon de structuribus & liquoribus*, lib. 90.

to our Champion's Conscience, but he had heard of || *Seneca's* Avisoe, that, *The Wisest and Strongest Men ought to sloop to Time and Fate*; and therefore making a halt at the Door of this sedge Structure, he alighted from his good Steed, and demanded hospitable treat of the Captain of that carousing Cittadel, (who in much Astonishment) gave a trembling Reception to himself and Soto.



C H A P. II.

Zara and Soto their Entertainment in the Cottage, their Host (looking upon the Champions fist) tells him his Fortune, and recites a Copy of Verses, with other Remarkable Passages.

OUR Champions Carkass was not more harass'd with tedious Travail, then his Colon cramm'd with an accustom'd vacuity; for he having been manag'd to this maturity with Mares Milk, though he boasted not the strength, yet he retain'd the Stomach of a Horse; the first thing therefore debated on by our Don, was (as an Inquisitor) what food the Farmery afforded? The Host after many cringes began to excuse his unpreparedness; his Bed-Cockatrice seconding him with an old brew'd Apology, but quoth mine Host (who

|| That very *Lucius Annæus Seneca*, who wrote of Temperance and Fortitude, yet liv'd like an effeminate Epicure, and dy'd like a pulilanimous Coward,

(who in all respects resembled that * *Robert* of the Vale, who foretold the landing of *Henry* the 7th.) if your Worshipful Excellency shall deign to accept of such provaunt as at the present your servant can purvey, your Worshipful Excellency will Eternally oblige me: Pray thee (quoth *Zara*) leave thy prate, and provide such sustenance as my merit commands, and thy estate permits; for by the Soul of *Cesar*, I am as hungry as an Ostrich, and could digest a Bar of Iron bigger then an ordinary Main Mast: The Astrologers (I am afraid) keep such † *Houses* as thine when they sup on sides of *Taurus*, and joints of *Aries*: My Guts quoth *Soto*, are contorted like a Dragons tail, in Elf-knots, as if some Tripe-Wife had tack'd them together for Chitterlings: The Host wondred at these eager expressions, and concluded that the Champion had been lately upon some Adventure fasting; while meat was making ready, the merry Host exhorts his Guests to a free Carouse, beginning a Health to *Charlemaine*, which *Don Zara* not refused, and commanding *Soto* to the same celebration; remember (quoth he) the great *Duke of Drownland*, whose Champion I am, and his sole Heir the most illustrious and divinely fair, *Morphena del Stupratia*. *Soto* was ever and obedient Servant to his Master, especially if the injunction had any dependence on the pot or the spit, and therefore he fail'd not in the premises, so that *Bac-*
chus

* This *Robert's* surname was *Booker*, a maker of *Almenacks*, he had two handsome Daughters and kept a Wine Ale-house. See the *English Chron.*

† Being twelve in all. See *Merlinus Anglicus de starribus & ejus mansionibus*; tract. 100. p. 10000.

cbus has almost baulk'd *Ceres*, and our Champion is now more drink then diet; But by this time || Supper is served up, but neither Hostess nor Host can be perswaded to sit down, but they waited on the Champion and his o'r-grown Page as incompatible, as if *Homer* had made *Nestor* and *He-cuba* to dance attendance after *Diomed* and *Teucer*; they *fast* to admire *Zara*, and *pray* that themselves may escape the stroak of his * steel, the Champion making it appear by the terribleness of his Teeth, that he dares tear the strongest opposite in pieces: Nor was *Soto's* Courage much inferiour to his Masters, who eats and talks, making his Stories the parenthesis of his Meals, what Fiction reports of mad *Ajax*, that having kill'd a Sheep, fancied he had slain *Agamemnon*, is here prov'd true, for every gaping Orifice that our Champion created, most lamentably butcher'd his Host, what wide wounds he gives Routing all before him, so that he must trust to Tradition, that should say such and such once were: But at last his fury began to be asswag'd, being grown weary of the Work of Death, he sheath'd his Fauchion, and commanded a bowl of the same Cratonian liquor to be brought, which after a treble pledge, abolishes all nicety † and makes the Heroe and his Host look like one another, the four which make the Family now tipple promiscuously; || His Excellency enforces the parity

|| It were needless to mention the covering of the Table, or ranking and filing of the dishes.

* Or Knife.

† Such is the potent Vigour of Ale.

|| Not that he was a Leveller, but being of the same humour of some Kings, who play at Nine-pins with their Pages, yet thereby neither subject their Persons nor their Powers.

city, who (big with fancy) narrates his several Encounters, Onslaughts, and Batteries, his infranchising of intbrall'd Ladies, his finishing Inchantments, his inquests at home, and Conquests in Foreign Countries, his binding of Gyants in brazen Gyves, and driving out the Souls of Dragons and Demons; His Host and Hostess listening as attentively as if the Lecture of the *Seven Champions* were now reading: But, quoth my Host, if your Highness please I can inform you of your future Fate by an infallible Rule which I once learn'd of an old Gypsie in *Monmouthshire*, who pen'd it in Monosyllables, please to afford your Victorious palm. These last words were more terrible to our Champion then the points of a Thousand Swords, imagining that his Host would hint that old Maxime in Palmistry, viz. the farcing of the fist with a piece of Silver; but this terrour was soon taken away by his Hostess, ready reception of his hand, who (having gently wip'd away that filth, which lay at the foot of his *mons veneris* with his Spittle) began for to foretel many future Events, and amongst the rest predicted, that such a year of his Life the Champion should be * beholding to his Book for his Persons safety: This Clause made *Don Zara* (who knew that his neck could not be protected by his Tongue) to laugh heartily, which his Host perceiving (though angry that his Art should not find a more serious welcome) he said, I find that your Worshipful Highness had rather be busied about some more merry imployment; I confess Palmistry is so profound a Science, that few
or

* Not that he should be condemn'd to be hang'd.

or † none upon earth understand it: Behold Sir a Copy of Verses that our Vicar lately Compos'd (on *St. Valentines* day) occasioned by a great || Feast made by *Major of Queensborough*, a City not above half a League distant from hence; then pulling out a bag of the best Buckram, the Champion having commanded silence, mine Host began to read the following numbers.

(a) Saturn grown old, the Gods agree,
 (b) Jove should assume his Sovereignty,
 And become chief; a Solemn day
 (c) Appointed, when the Gods most gay,
 (Attir'd in Habits rare and strange)
 Came to be witness of this change;
 The Fry of Gods were there beside,
 Each with his Bastard, Whore, and Bride,
 The path which to Jove Palace leads
 In order, all this rich troop treads,
 (d) Ceres threw wheat on Jove most dainty
 Thereby fore-speaking future plenty:
 Th' Instructed Swine did follow after,
 And for their Wheat left something softer,
 (e) Civet, like Irish Soap, good beasts,
 Fit waiters as such solemn Feasts:
 At length they reach'd Joves Hall of bliss,
 The Gods sat down, the (f) Goddesses

Were

† Meaning that the Angels only are acquainted with the depth of that Art.

|| To which he was not invited.

(a) The old Major.

(b) The new Major.

(c) The Aldermen.

(d) An old Wife.

(e) You may smell out the meaning.

(f) The Aldermens Wives.

Were striving for the Superiority,
'Till (g) Juno challenging the Majority,
Ended the business (most demurely)
Plac'd and displac'd as pleas'd her surely ;
The Tables stood full Crown'd with Dishes,
Enough to satisfy all with wishes,
Of longing Wives, or Maids grown sickly
With fruits, and doing nothing quickly ;
Huge Pots of Butter not full blew,
With Custards of a doubtful hiew ;
Stew'd Pruens, bread made of (h) Malabane,
And Honey fetch'd from Sugar Cane,
Green Apples, plenty of small Nuts,
To employ the teeth, and gorge the guts ;
The Goblets proud themselves to see,
So full of Sider (verily
Both Brandy, Wine, and Aqua Vita,
And Ale in years and Strength most mighty,
As plentiful as (i) Bonniclabbar,
That each Guest his lips might stabbar ;
Thus with satiety being crown'd
With Bacchus wreaths in slumber drown'd
The (k) spheres made Musick all the while,
The (l) Bard brave Meeter did compile ;
Then fulgent (m) Phœbus standing up,
(In's grease first, a greaser Cup)
Drank Daphnes health, Bacchus reply'd
And quaff'd another to the Bride

Of

(g) Mistresses Mayorefs.

(h) Bread made of Curds. See the *Irish* Dictionary.

(i) A common *Irish* drink. See the Dictionary.

(k) Two Fiddlers and a blind Boy with a Bag-pipe.

(l) Their Poet.

(m) One of the Aldermen.

Of Vulcan ; this health pass'd along,
 Mar's Fether wagging 'mongst the throng
 Drank Pallas health (brave wench and wise)
 Which draught cost (n) Cupid both his eyes
 Straining to pledge, Hermes stood still,
 And mark'd how Ganymede did fill
 The Bowls, which swiftly past around,
 'Till God and Goddesses had bound
 (o) Their heads with Ivy leaves and Vines,
 His head to his knee, now each inclines ;
 (p) Apollo then slept thence half drunk,
 His burning Bonnet doff'd he sunk
 In Thetis lap, so Heaven lost light,
 And day was damp'd with irksome night ;
 (p) Jove bent for mirth, had Juno spread
 Her mantle o'er the Worlds black head,
 But (r) she inrag'd with Lyeus Juice,
 And madly jealous without Excuse,
 Refus'd to guild th' unspargl'd Skie,
 With the eyes of her Cow-keeping Spie,
 (s) And aided by a Vigorous Fate
 And the shrew'd Goddesses, Joves state
 She durst assume, pressing as far
 As th' Gyants in their mountain War,
 They first bound Jove, the other Gods,
 (Constrain'd by darkness, drink and odds,
 Alas) were forc'd to condescend
 To all things for a quiet end !

(t) Jove

-
- (n) The Fiddlers Boy.
 (o) They were almost all Drunk.
 (p) The Sun went down.
 (q) Mr. Major call'd to his Wife for Candles.
 (r) She was drunk and would have none.
 (s) She took Mr. Major a box on the Ear.

Chap. II. Don Zara del Fogo. 25

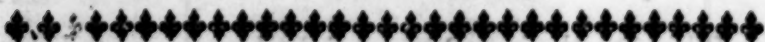
(t) Jove granted Juno rule oth' Aire,
 Her frowns or smiles mak't foul or fair;
 His Bolts and Lightning she may take,
 And with her tongue the Ax-tree shake,
 From hence her Sex their Charter hold,
 To rule 'gainst reason, cry and scold;
 Proserpina obtain'd of Pluto,
 That all should speed who she-saints sue to,
 That Man's affairs in-purse or state,
 Should be rul'd by the Womans rate;
 Venus may lye with all that love her,
 No sawcy God must dare reprove her,
 Dallying with maners, whilst Don Vulcan
 Should to their pleasures drink a full Can,
 Thus by the stern decree of Fate,
 Our Is^l's an Amazonian State.

This Drollerical Poem mightily augmented our Champion's Mirth, who (as the fashion is for most Great ones) was ever delighted with what his Capacity most Condemn'd, as soaring too high for the frail sight of Amphibion-like Genius, * but such great Spirits as that of Champions move not by Pedantick Statutes, for their Actions, though excentrick, illustrates the Cause, and Priscian's Fate receives honourable Wounds, when they please to pummel his Skull; but Morba the Champion's Hostess is almost in as bad a condition as if she had swallow'd purging Confects, casting up a very fair Account ere the Champion * could call for his Reckoning, so that fix Hands were

(t) Mistress Mayorefs might do what she would.
 * Sentence.

† Which he always omitted, terming it the Tarnish of his Honour.

were not sufficient to convey her to her Couch. The Night now was more then half spent, Baron Tell-clock had twice sounded *Boot-esel* to our Wor-
thy ; and the busie Bell-man bounced twice at the Door, and as well the Champion as *Soto* began to grow Dormious, which occasion'd the Host to Pe-
tition their present departure to Bed, which (with heavy Heads Heaven knows) they went to ; yet maugre his pestiferous Ebriety, magnanimous *Zara* forgot not to have his Mace, and other Military U-
tensils convey'd into his Chamber (a Receptacle just five Foot Diameter) where that Night himself and *Soto* must make their Abode on a Canvas Quilt, stuffed with the richest Rye-Straw, their Sheets of a duskyish kind of Flannel.



CHAP. III.

What happen'd to Don Zara in the Night. His Host brings in his Bill of Fare. The Manner of the Champion's Departure, with other Accidents.

Whole Warrens of starv'd Fleas, that bit like Ban-dogs so tormented (which you will say was strange, considering their somniferous Ale-bury) the Champion and his fidelious Land-loper Soto, that they thought themselves delivered over to the disposal of *Demogorgions* diminutive Demons, insomuch that the Champion grew unspeakably intraged, especially since he was out-raged by an Enemy whose existence pleaded a Protection from the violence of either Sword or Mace, which causeth him thus to Complain.

* O ye,

* O ye Powers Celestial (quoth he) that pour down Plagues at your Pleasures on pervicacious Mankind; what Crime greater than that of † *Atreus* have I Committed, that my Body is thus baited by the basest of Worms? Rather ye mighty Powers, who have indow'd me with *Achillean* Valour, and *Herculean* Strength; let my Blood be drill'd by the Mightiest and most Noble Champion in the World; order me the overthrow of *Ottoman* to pull down the Pride of *Persia*, or to ruin the *Russian* Tyrant.

With these and the like Complaints our distressed Champion spent the most part of the doleful Night, but finding it all in vain to bewail a helpless ill, he resolv'd to bear his biting Fate with as much magnanimity as was possible, and so defying the eagerness of those sanguine-coated *Astutums*, he waited with incredible Patience the approach of the Sun's Postillion, but was beguiled of that * Honour he hoped, for a suddain drowsiness stupified his Senses, and he slept as soundly as *Adam* when his Side was opened to find out that *Rib of Ruin*; so that the Sun had travel'd almost a thousand Miles e'er he opened the Windows of his Eyes, by which time *Soto* (the very Emblem of an earnest Zeal, and the meer Mythology of Masculine Love) was currying of his Master's Courser, and polishing his Armour with precious *Vulcanian* dust; the Champion awaking, soon impoverished his Bed to enrich his Body, seating

C him-

* *Zara's* Complaint.

† Who Cossin'd up his Cousins in dust.

* Meaning the Civick Crown which the Ancients appointed for him who bore his bad fortune bravely.

himself in his last Nights tipling Tenement; nor must Fame forget to relate this (as an especial and infallible argument of our Champion's incomparable candor) that though his scarify'd Skin would hardly permit his Shirt its wonted familiarity, yet, * he took not the least notice of his last Nights cruel sufferance, but with a cheerful voice accosting his Host and Hostess, he bestowed on them a Compliment consonant to the time of the Day, commanding a Toast (in folio) to be forthwith made, the Steeple Bowl to be repleated with Roping Ale, and (if possible) the powder of Nutmeg to be put therein; all which being perform'd with wondrous celerity, the Champion drank his Noons draught, and appointed *Soto* the same Dose, who by this time had finish'd his Morning employment, and waited at his Master's Elbow, who (whether by the malignant influence of some petulant Planet, or else vexed at the Villany of his last Nights Bedfellows) was exceeding sad and Saturnine; often starting, and sometimes with an ireful Aspect, laying his Hand upon his Sword, to the amazement of his Host and Hostess; but *Soto* (who was intimately acquainted with these (seeming) strangers, and could learnedly Comment on the complexion of his Master's Soul at such times as these) knew very well that these passions proceeded from no other cause, but that innate Antipathy between his Master's Purse, and the proditory of a Reckning, which his † Host (the legitimate Child of Mammon, and Madam Avaritia) had just now wounded his Eyes with, the Champion (as not knowing its importment) accepted,

* *Zara's* parallell'd magnanimity,

† A very, very Victualler,

accepted it, and (as his manner was upon all like occasions) gave it *Soto*, commanding him to read it; *Soto* receives it as a needy Gallant would his Taylor's Bill, his Countenance as pale as a Country Gentlewoman's viewing the Lions at first time; it was written in very legible Characters, and usher'd with this termagant Title.

A Bill of Fare.

Imprimis, Six Black Puddings, each of them a full yard in longitude.

Item, Five Loaves of the best Barley-bread,

Item, An Oxe-Head baked after the Franconian fashion.

Item, Seven pound of the best Essexian Cheese, saved in sunder on purpose for the Champion's eating.

Item, A Gallon of Mares Milk thickned with Meal.

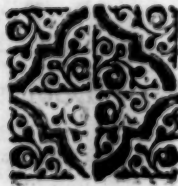
Item, Nine Stains of Lanted Ale.

The Lodging, large Toasts, and other Appendixes not accounted.

Soto sang these blank Verses in a very feeble tone, and having finished, threw the Paper into the fire with such fury, as sufficiently expressed how angry he was that his Masters Ears should be molested with such muddy Sarcasms; which act of his put the Host and Hostess upon the tenters, especially when gazing upon the Champion, they beheld him foam like some incensed Boar, a pallid Lightning leap'd from his Eyes, and ill-portending Meteors hung upon his Front, so that he seem'd the very Picture of Doomsday; but while all stood trembling, or rather wishing an immediate than lingring Death, the Champion thundred out this menace.

" But that thy Stars never ordain'd thee, thou
 " Man of *Motley*, as a fit morsel for my renown-
 " ned *Kill-za-Cow* to manducate, I would present-
 " ly slice thee into Stakes, and broil thee upon
 " thy own Gridiron; hast thou a mind to have
 " thy Fabrick fired in so many places, that all
 " the Ale thou art Master of shall not be able to
 " quench it, till it lie (like another *Troy* burnt
 " by me (*Zara*) greater than the greatest of *Gre-*
 " *cians*) low in its own ruins? hast thou a will
 " to have thy Barrel Heads beaten out, thy brit-
 " tle Vessels broken against the Walls, and thy
 " Wife led Captive in *Ovant* Triumph.

This funguos Inflation operated so vigorously,
 that as well *Morba* as her Husband fell at the
 Champion's Feet, imploring remission, as not
 imagining his displeasure: The Heroick Don gra-
 ciously granted their Petition, not only pronoun-
 cing their pardon, but affording his hand in order
 to their elevation, but withal, warned them to
 take heed for the future, how they tempted the
 rigour of Fate by a pecuniary proposal to a Knight
 Errant; this the poor Penitent swore to; which
 done, our Champion hanged on his Harness,
 mounting his good Steed with a Majestick nod,
 took farewell of his Host and Hostess, who seem-
 ingly afforded him a Princely Valediction, but in
 heart wished him in *Procrustes* Bed, or *Perillu's* Bra-
 zen Bull.



C H A P. IV.

The Description of a fine fragrant flowery Vale, supposed to be the place where Adam tasted the Apple. The marriage of the Phœnix with the Bird of Paradise; her disloyalty, and his Tragedy, Don Zara's heroick hope.

Fortune having allotted so favourable a departure to her dear Don, he was not only animated for after performances, but exceedingly pleased with his own perfections, which had not only crammed his Colon, but administred instruction to the barbarous, how to bear themselves to true enobled Personages: Soto was as bonny as a new Beneficed Priest, and ran by his Master's Horse as he had been balasted with Quick-silver. The all-seeing Sun had travell'd more than half way to the *Antipodes*, when the Champion lighted upon a * Vale, so rich and so rare, that Nature grew Bankrupt when she modelized it, and striving to be quaint (forsooth) forgot to keep any reserve; for by this work the Champion assured himself that she could make no more such; This goodly Plain was imboist with the choicests of Nature's Jems; no Frost nor Winter there, but continual Spring time, and everlasting Summer; here grow those happy Trees from whence flows that precious Oyl wherewith Kings and Priests are

C 3

Anointed;

* This Vale is not now to be found, but that there was such a Place. See *Mandevil's Geography*, lib. 10000. Sect. 20000.

Anointed; the choicest Fruit that *Europe* affords with such toil to the Husbandman, are here to be had unplanted; Here Madam *Flora* gathers her Roses and Tulips, when we (alas) have not so much as a Daffie to deck her Head with; here *Medea* pick'd those Simples that restored the wise *Æson* to youth: And here (that the World may no longer be deceived) it is that the Phœnix builds his Nest, being, ever distinguished by his menial Train, which are these:

| | | |
|------------------------|---|-------------------------|
| <i>The Pe-ben,</i> | S | <i>The Pheasant,</i> |
| <i>The Turkey hen,</i> | | <i>The Popinjay,</i> |
| <i>The Turtle,</i> | | <i>The Canary, and</i> |
| <i>The Gold-finch,</i> | | <i>The Nightingale.</i> |

These are the Phœnix's Favourites, who travels with him through the Air upon all occasions, but he never passes the limits of this *Tempe*, as holding all other parts of the Globe not wort his visit: Some Authors (perhaps *Pliny* or *Solinus*) report that the Phœnix had espoused the Bird of Paradise, his Bride was fair, and rare, and rich, and young, and wise and noble, only her * Tail is too pondrous for her Body; this noble Pair dwelt not long in peace, for Love's fire began to flake and cool, † e'er the unconstant Moon had twice look'd upon the foodful Earth with half a face; she now began to hate and loath what she once so coveted, yet to || overspread her had been no Herculean Labour, had

* She took this fault by kind, and therefore was the more excusable.

† Riddle.

|| Cover her in the Original.

Chap. IV. *Don Zara del Fogo.* 23

had her insatiate Tayl and Mind admitted of consciencious bounds ; but thus ;

** The weakest Stomachs desire the strongest Meats.
Thus the greatest smoke rises from the smallest fire.
Thus slender Wits undertake the profoundest matter.
Thus swift pursuit makes a slow performance.
Thus the Appetite is moved by impotence.
Thus Palmerin the Champion o'rethrew the Gyant
Franarco.*

So she though little her self, loved every * great thing, and at last became so incorrigible impudent, that she durst mention a Divorce, although the Phœnix with tears besought the contrary, not so much out of affection to her, as to prevent the shame that must inevitably follow such a business, but all his persuasions were in vain, a separation is made, and she is married to Cynosure, an unknown Fowl, both begot and bred by the Air, he (according to kind) trod incessantly † firing his own Fabrick to quench hers, who laid often, but yet they were but Wind Eggs, though some || Naturalists say that such Eggs do hatch the Cockatrice.

How sad the Phœnix was in mind ? how sorry to be so slighted by her for whose sake he had so debased himself, I leave to those who have been Phœnix's to judge ; but so mightily he took it to heart, that now (too late) he resolv'd to hate all

C 4

second

* Six golden Sentences borrowed from the seven Sages of Greece.

* Though it were long first.

† Had a spice of the French.

|| See Coriat. and Poet Quid.

second matches, and to die a Widower ; but grief perplexed him so, that he fear'd he should leave the World, e'er he had created himself a-new, and so his Nest being unmade, he might quickly lose both Life and Name ; to prevent which he takes his speedy flight over Hills and Dales, Lakes and Rivers, over Kingdoms and Countries, both East and West, and all this to gather Spices for his Funeral. (O * sweet Bird ! how sad was thy Fate ?) But it seem'd better to him (according to his pristine Privilege) to kill his Body, and renew his Mind, than to pine away with Grief six Hundred Years, and therefore (having betaken himself to his Nest) surrounded with his precious Gums and odoriferous Spices, the Sun shining bright and hot, he with his Wings augmented the heat, whose strong Retention kindled his Bed, as Boys do dryed Leaves with Burning-glasses, which soon consumed his Nest, himself, and all to Ashes.

And least all these sweets should want as sweet a Harmony, a numerous Troop of Nightingales conspired in one Consort, to warble forth the delicacies of their Abode, amidst this Vale their glided a silver Brook, so gently that the subtillest Eye might gaze very strictly, and not perceive it, on whose violet Banks grew thick Cypres Trees, to keep out Phœbus Beams: Here *Pan* and *Faunus*, the Dapper *Driades*, with Madam *Marisco*, Queen of *Faries* used to dance the Morris by Moon-light ; the bottom of this azure * Rivulet was paved with Pearls

* The Author laments the deplorable Condition of the Phoenix.

† Who knows but this was that very Tagus or Pactolus so famous in Poësie.

Pearls and Diamonds, which varied their gloss as the gentle breath of *Zephire*, purled the surface of the Stream, and presenting to the Eye (like a steel Glass) the spangled Beauties of the Firmament; *Dolphins* usually deserted the Ocean, to sport in this pæstolian Fountain: Our Champion exceedingly rejoyc'd, that so happy a Harbour proffered itself for his Repose; and also, that there was now a fair probability of some remarkable Adventure; and therefore clapping *oto* on the Shoulder, Come on (quoth he) with Roman-like Courage, for the Gods, I hope, have appointed me some hungry Lyon, or gag-tooth'd Bear, some deformed Gyaunt, or male-contented Knight to encounter with here in this Flow'ry Valley: So putting Spurs to his Horse, like another *Alexander* on *Bucephalus*, he made his way into the very entrails of the Grove, at whose dreadful Approach, *Silvanus* and his shaggy Crew fled amain, and were soon out of Sight, to the Champion's extream discontent, who wou'd fain have been belabouring any thing that had Life; but the * pleasure of the place soon calmed his spit-fire contemplations, so that he unlac'd his Helmet, and unharnessed himself, lying down at the Root of an Almond-Tree, where (having been kept waking by malignant Fleas almost all the Night before) he soon became Slave to *Somnus*, the prattling Brook in a pleasing Tone chanting a Dulced Lullaby.

CHAP.

* So *Hannibal* was caught with the delicacies of *Capua*.

CHAP. V.

What Discoveries Zara and his Squire made, wandering up and down the Grove. The Lady Gylo coming thither to disport herself, is encountred by the Champion. His most elegant Courtship. Her Responſion. With other Paſſages.

THrice happy *ZARA*, who art thought worthy of that Paradise which the first Man forfeited for an Apple. But while the Champion slept, *Soto* (being surprized with the Beauty of the Place) was ranging up and down to make Discoveries ; here Potatoes and ripe Grapes offered themselves to his Lips ; there Pomgranates and luscious Dates contended which first should salute his goodly-siz'd Grinders : *Soto* was not so nice in acceptance, but gathered greedily of all sorts, returning laden to his magnanimous Lord and Master, who Snorted so loud on his Rosie Couch, that the verdant Grove reverberated his garulous repose, while *Soto* sang this Dormitory.

S O N G.

Somnus, O thou Protean God,
That with wollen Shoes are shod,
Thou that hatest Trump and Drum,
Loath'st the Cock, but lov'st the Comb :
Grand Enemies to Fifes and Forges,
And the Daughters of Boanerges ;
Friend to Fishes, and to dumb Men,
To silent Women and to some Men.
Great God of Caps,
Of Nods and Naps,

Clumſy

*Clumsy Somnus now prepare-a,
To rock the Senses of Don-Zara.*

Soto had no sooner ended his Epidiction, but the Champions scales fell from his eyes, and he perceiv'd his faithful servant sitting at his feet, having prepared a Repast after his Repose; the Champion fed furiously on the Grapes, squeezing bunches of them by the dozen, as if he had search'd for * *Erigone*, and now being sufficiently sated, he arose with a resolve to explore for flesh, either Goat or Stag, but Nature had not played her part so profusely, and indeed she had manifested a prodigious prodigality, had she afforded a Sham-bles to her Frutery: The Champion and *Soto* had not long quested, but they hapned on a spacious Cave, situate at the foot of a Cedar, it was a very vast Receptacle, seeming the Work of some Sylvan, or Wood-god, for a Nocturnal Repository; *Soto* was first sensible of the novelty, and gave information thereof to his Master, who commanded him forthwith to enter, but *Soto* gave a modest negation to his Masters mandate; for, quoth he, who knows but this may be the Mansion of that Genius which governs this goodly Grot, who being justly incensed at such an intrusion, may metamorphose us into Maples, or some more sordid sort of Fewel: Thou speakest well, quoth *Zara*, but (that thou may'st know thou servest a Master, whose Courage is not a whit inferior to the stoutest Champion that ever bore Buckler) I am resolv'd to enter this Cave were it wall'd with Dragon

* *Bacchus* his Beloved, a plump brown Nymph. See *Cardan de subtilitate*.

Dragons, and inhabited with Demons; so unsheathing *Kill-za-Cow*, he resolutely leap'd into the Cave, examining every Angle thereof, he found it a fit Residence for an Errant Knight, yea, and a Lady Errant if occasion commanded it; in all respects most resembling that very Vault which *Joseph* the Son of *Goron* possessed, when that venerable Quack sold his Brethrens lives (by a Sortilgie) to save his own: Having taken strict notice of its Dimensions, he called *Soto* to the Caves Mouth; Enter, quoth he, (thou sperm of a hen-hearted Groom) and make it thy wonder, to survey what a subterranean shelter Fate has allotted us: *Soto* (tho' shaken with an Ague fit) confidently enter'd, and seeing no occasion of dread, took Heart of Grace, insomuch that he hardly refrained upbraiding his Master, as guilty of Calumny in down right terms; * My Lord, quoth he, you are too much an Heretick, if you think your *Soto* refused to cast himself into this Cave out of any anxious cogitation as to his Person, for had it been the very throat of *Tartarus*, the Gullet of *Gebenna*, or the Belly of *Barathrum*, his Courage had afforded him a Will to any attempt, tho' supernatural, especially having the great *Hercules* for precedent, who forced the very Fiends to a compliance, and * brought away *Pluto's* three-headed Porter; the truth is, it was my Piety that persuaded me to forbearance; I have read Sir those Lay Divines, *Homer*, *Hesiod*, and *Theocritus*, and do believe with them, that * every Grove, Grot and Stream has its tutelar

and

* *Soto's* Apologie.

† An. Mun. 7529.

|| Witness the Aquatick and Terrestrial Angels.

and vehicular Deity ; but these obscurities (my Lord) are too deep for your Reason, you must sit down with a Description, Periphrasis, or Adumbration ; I say, had it not been impious for me to have rashly rushed upon the Genius of the Place : Prithee no more, quoth the Champion, these Punctilloes besit not my Observation, let feeble-soul'd *Dorados* listen to such effeminate Axiomes, I am the Rod of Heaven, a Man made to let Mortals know how much that fear'd thing may be indebted to my self, the great and true *Amphibium* : For thee (*Soto*) I do not much wonder at thy Fear, tho' I hope thy converse with me, together with thy strict Observation of my Actions, will render thee after some few Months sufficiently Heroick : Having said thus, he deserted the Cave (with a resolve to rest there that Night) and returned to the Place where he lately both slept and eat, near which he beheld the Thunder-crested *Founder-foot*, feeding almost to a Surfeit on the sweet and verdant Grass, which that plat of Ground afforded of an incredible height ; here arrived, he and *Soto* sat down, resolved to encounter with a second Collation, when they beheld a Woman (an infallible Argument, that she was none of the soundest Politicians) plucking Pomgranates, and ripe Oranges, which grew there in abundance : *Soto* suppos'd that some new *Minerva* was dropt from Heaven, or another *Venus* newly born of the brackish Waves, had chosen this Grove as the most pertinent Place of *Ætherial*

* Not but that the Champion's Horse was of a moderate Temper, but this is spoken by a figure call'd *Aquo*, intimating what might have happen'd to a more luxuriant *Palfrey*.

rial Delectation ; she was cloathed in a rich and sparkling kind of Stuff, woven by * *Arachnes's* Fingers, of the finest Calidonian Silk, button'd before with green Emerauls, yet not so close but that those hills of Snow, her immaculate Breasts were visible, lurking under the Shadow of Lawn ; that Globe of Blissés, her Head was covered with a Tyre of green Sarcenet, fringed with blew Flanders Lace, studded with Bristol Saphyres, which (could it be possible) augmented the Lustre of her heavenly Face, so that she seemed like another * *Aphrodite*, finify'd for the imbraces of *Adonis*, or a second *Helén* proud of the Lime-hound *Paris*. The Champion (tho' otherwise too tough for such tender Creatures, having been train'd up in the School of *Mars*) and not of *Cyprides*) melted before the Eyes of this sunny Substance, waxing proud beneath the Navel, and in a minute was moulded into a perfect Inamorate : *Soto* felt the same Flames about his Heart, but durst not manifest the itching of his Soul : Our Champion a long time feasted his Eyes without speaking (resembling the Statue of *Mark Anthony*, gazing on the leauteous Idea of *Cleopatra*) remaining as it were extaside.

*Such is thy force, O mighty Cupid,
Thou can'st make Mortals dull and stupid,
And when thy Tyrant pleasure varies,
Dick is all Fire, and Tom all Air is ;*

From

* An eminent Spinster.

† A *Venetian* Courtezan.

‡ A Disease called the swelling of the leg. See *Farnelius* and *Culpepers* Leacy.

Chap. V. *Don Zara del Fogo.* 31

*From the Flail unto the Mitre,
From the Galeon to the Litter;
From the Stall unto the Sty,
Are thy Trophies rais'd on high.*

But at length recollecting himself, he commanded *Soto* to make up to the Lady, and to Compliment her in his Name; Sir (quoth *Soto*) under your correction, I think it would make more for your Honour, and predict a surer Accomplishment of your Wishes, if you Accosted her in Person, rather than by Proxie: The Champion could not withstand this Oraculous Incitement; and therefore willing *Soto* to wait upon him in the most Ceremonious posture that could be thought on; he hastened to the place where this piece of Divine perfection resided, who seeing (as she thought) a couple of Champions drawing near her, began to flie, as in a wild amazement, but the Knight's * Courteous Comportment perswaded her, that harm could not be intended, where such officious zeal was intimated; Fortified with this resolve, she stood still, expecting the Champions approach, who almost † out of breath, could not express himself with that fluent Accuracy, which otherwise he had done; but after some respiration, taking her by that moist Adamant, her Lilly-white-hand, he delivered himself very volubly, Thus;

Most fair and beautiful Lady, whose eyes are the Sun and Moon of the Earth, whose face, whose forehead, whose lip, whose hair, whose mouth, whose hand, and whose all, pronounces all other of
your

* With his Helmet in his hand, and bowing himself often to the earth.

† Being used to ride, not run.

your Sex, but meer dashes, stroaks, *a la voleo*, or at random, that face was not form'd for any beneath the degree of a Knight Errant to kneel to, that lip (most fair *Venus*) was not Vermillion'd over for any to kiss, that cannot boast the spoils of War, and the Trophies of Victory; Behold (Natures best piece) where *Don Zara* (whom Kings have kneel'd to for their lives, and Queens have obsecrated as pensive Lovers) prostrates his Horse, Armour, Sword, Mace, Shield, Servant, and Self at your bright feet, imploring what the most resplendent beauties on earth. || have begg'd of him, it is Love most Worshipful Woman that *Don Zara* implores, without which this Soul of his (though to the whole Worlds loss, if not ruin) must forsake its mansion, and your self (all too late) repent your coyness, that has destroyed the most fidelious fighting Servitor that ever laid just claim to Honourable Beauty, and Beautiful Honour.

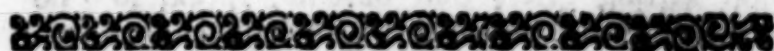
Gylo, (for so was the Lady called) knew not what Responſion to yield to this facetious Rhodomontado (a Complement not to be parallell'd in any *Grubstreet* Romance) but at last making most humble obeysance to our Heroe (with cheeks blushing like *Aurora*) she answer'd:

Thrice Noble Sir, your Manly Figure, and Soul-slaving Oratory, as they command my wonder, so they constrain me to an ingenuous acknowledgment, that I am no way worthy of your notice, whose wonder-working Valour merits of *Minerva* for Mistris, and whose copious elocution makes

|| Meaning a retaliation of Love. See Cupid's Messenger. p. 10000.

makes *Mercury* asham'd of his emptiness ; but if the Candour of my Stars allot me so bounteous a bliss, that your Honoured self shall think I deserve your commands, yonder Mansion made of Marble is my abode, and in the bowels of that Room adorned with a Belcony do I constantly cover my self.

Gylo had no sooner uttered this, but lowting low, she and her Maid forsook the place, leaving the Champion and his Servitour in much amazement.



C H A P. VI.

Zara murders a Monstrous Bear, who assaulted him in the Cave : He plays and sings beneath the Lady Gylo's Chamber Window, and receives a very lucky return of his Love.

J OY and Wonder (like two opposite winds disturbing the already distracted Ocean) strove for Supremacy in our Champion ; on the one side the Ladies worthiness, on the other side her coyness palsied her brain, so that he remained for a time as one * trans-elemented.

*Such is thy Power, O Love, such is thy might,
When thou surprisest any Mortal Wight ;
Whether Orlando Smith, or Oswald Clinker,
Whether the Great Turk, or the brass-fac'd Tinker ;*
D Thou

* Meaning transmograside, or metamorphosed into a Mandrake.

34 *The Spaniard : Or,* *Book I.*

*Thou mouldest him anew in every part,
And for a point of Mirth, reckon'st a Quart
Of Sorrow, making a most grievous putter ;
A Fox upon thee, and thy Sea-born Mother.*

Soto a long time observed his Lord with a serious look ; but perceiving, that he cared not to put a period to this excruciating extasie, he burst out into a hearty laughter, saying, † *Cupids Arrows* (I perceive) can pierce the strongest Armour, and supple the most sterneſt ſoul, || as thoſe are the moſt killing griefs that dare not ſpeak, ſo (no doubt) thoſe are the moſt ineffable joys, that cannot gain utterance: Rejoyce, my Lord, and ſing *Paans* to the pretty little God, who has thus courteouſly awarded you: You are the wittieſt and beſt of Servitors, answered *Zara*, O I could die upon her * Spot, and venture Life, or otherwiſe do more for her dear ſake than thoſe famous *Palladines*, who were Kinſmen to mad *Rowland* ; *Hercules* Labours were but a Bakers dozen, mine ſhall puzzle *Arithmetick* truly to compute them: She is indeed (quoth *Soto*) the *Metaphyſicks* of her Sex, the very Rule of *Algebra* ; you are the *Jove* that muſt preſs this *Leda*, the *Endymion* that are beloved by this *Cynthia*, and the *Achilles* that muſt enjoy this *Venus*: I know it (quoth *Zara*) for didſt thou not obſerve how her colour went and came all the time that I was Courting her ; and though I ſay it (that ſhould not) I never in all my Life had the happineſs of more fluency on ſo ſhort a warn-
ing

† Sentence.

|| Sentence upon ſentence inſerted by the Author, merely for the ſolace of the ſage.

* Meaning ſome private mark.

ing : *Hermes* himself (quoth *Soto*) could not have handled his business better ; but Sir, take it from me † *He that has a Woman by the waste, has a wet Eel by the Tail ; And they hate delays as much as they abominate debility* : What wouldst thou have me to do (quoth the Don ?) shall we presently visit her ; not so soon Sir quoth *Soto*, you know that Providence has provided us a place of rest, you may well waste this night in contemplation of her Excellencies, and to morrow, e're the fleet Hours shall have harnessed *Phæbus* fiery Horses, we will bid her *Bon jour* at her Belcony, by which time (if the Muses favour me) we will be provided with an Amorous Canticle, Rival to the best of || *Petrarch's*, *Sidney*, or *Ronsard*, only the *Alcean* Lyre will be wanting, but that our Voices shall supply, * (for the silent note which *Cupid* strikes, is far sweeter then the sound of any Instrument) celebrating her beauty, and inciting to the *Paphian* pleasure. Thou art my better Genius, quoth *Zara*, and shalt share my Fortunes, this was excellently well thought on, and cannot but exceedingly take.

*Approach thou silent Night, mother of Rapes,
And dreary ruine, friend to Owles and Apes,
Fly, fly, ye winged hours with eager motion,
And bring the chearful day from forth the Ocean,
Father of Life and Light, when thou appearest,
I'll take my rise, resorting to my dearest.*

D 2

I

† An Axiome borrowed of *Cato*.

|| A most excellent *Italian* Ballad-maker.

* See *Tom. Dales* Aphorism, *Tom. 9. sect. 12. Apho. 19.*

I have often heard (quoth *Soto*) that Love can inspire the most insipid ; now I have proof, my Lord, that you are a very Lover, witness this polite poetical passion, but the Night-Raven (Sir) has chan-
 ted her Vespers, and Madam *Nox* has already hung her Curtain over the Hemisphere, let us convey our selves to our Concave, (quoth *Zara*,) and summon *Somnus* to a peaceful parley : I have, said *Soto*, furnish'd our Pavillion with a bed of the best Moss, and the trunk of an Alder tree for a pillow : Thou art in all things excellent, quoth *Zara* ; but now for the contrivance of our Ode : Let me alone for that, quoth *Soto*, † I'll kick the Mount to Atoms, swill up Hellicon, ravish the Nine, and break *Apollo's* Fiddle about his pate, but I'll Rant in most magnificent Meter ; I'll warrant the Lady is your own, if (which we have cause to guess) she be one of *Minerva's* Maids of Honour : This said, they departed to their hollowed Mansion, and taking their Couch, on a sudden became speechless, when Fortune, the professed enemy to worth, appointed them a very dangerous Adventure, for the sly Sergeant *Morpheus* had no sooner arrested their senses, but the proper owner of the place, a Bear as black as blackness it self, as fell as an Hyrcanian Tyger, entered the Cave (as was her wonted guise) with a Resolve to rest her self there that night, but finding uncouth Inmates, she gave so loud a roar, that the Grove ecchoed the Thunder of her throat ; This yelling Allarum soon beat up the Champions Quarters, and he awaked in much distraction, giving *Soto* (though accidentally) so found a thump on

† See *John Cleveland's* Resolves, Poem. 22.

on the brest with his ¶ Foot, that he cryed out as he had been broke on the wheel, by this time the Bear had bitten our Champion quite thorow the Calf of his left Leg, which made him roar more audibly then this beast of prey entering the Cave: *Soto* mean time (like a hardy Squire) strenuously assaulted this wild Creature with his Javelin, but found his hide too tough for penetration, and such was the mockery of Fate, that the Champion had not opportunity to unheath his Sword, so that his face was scratched and scarifi'd, as his Leg was bruised and wounded, no quarter from head to foot was free; was it not time then for the Champion and *Soto* to lay about them, for this hairy Monster fought not to gain honour, but to allay hunger.

* Ah *Zara, Zara*, had I my wish, some God should turn thee into a Sheep, or Goat, nay rather then fall into an As, to escape this vile Visitation, then thus be taken like a tame Beast in thy own Den.

Yet at last despite of Destiny he forced out *Kilza-Cow*, and with the single thrust pierc't through the skin ribs, and riss of this sawcy Savage, cleaving her heart who giving a deep groan, became exanimate: This Conquest being so happily achieved, the Champion (with *Soto's* aid) disburthen'd the Cave of this rough Creature, whose length (by *London* measure) was no less then six yards, and whose head the Champion immediately severed from the unwieldy Trunk, hanging it on

D 3

the

¶ Whether his left or right is not certainly known.
 * The Pious Author pitifully bemoans the bad Condition of *Zara*.

the top branch of a Beech Tree, as a Trophy consecrated to *Nemesis* and *Astrea*, engraving this Distich about the Bole.

*Apollo, Python slew, which was no Bear-a,
The Monster own'd this head, was slain by Zara.*

But the wounds and scratches lately received, were not so irksome to our Champion, as the sorrow he underwent to be maimed at such a time by this beast of *Mar's*, when he had wholly devoted himself to *Venus*, yet such was the ardency of his affection, that * he resolv'd to visit his Mistress with the Morning ;

O true and unparalell'd Amorist, worthy the Pen of another *Parker* ! Others if but prickt with *Eglantine*, or *Phlebotomiz'd* with the Guardians of *Roses*, think themselves sufficiently excused for not doing that Devoire to their Mistresses which *Cupid* commands ; but he, though creeping on hand and crupper, will not fail to complement his fair one, and who knows but the Compassionate Gods may reward this admirable Ardour, with the miraculous cure of his wounds, without the aid of *Machaon* or *Podalyrius*.

The Olympick Powers, said *Soto*, have manifested their care of your courageous carcass (thrice Noble and redoubted Heroe) in that they guided your good Sword to so home a thrust, when in all probability you had been manducated by that Monster, who now remains headless ; the sightless Deity does always file their names, whom he thinks

* Though one of his supporters had been hack'd off, well says the Adage, Love will halt where it cannot go,

thinks worthy to wage War under his Banner with blood ; But I too long neglect to apply some healing herb to your yawning wound : Having said this *Soto* arose, and searching about the Grove for some † sanitating Simple ; he at last lighted upon that (Hell envied, Heaven guarded) weed, called || *Morsus Diaboli*, which he gently cropped, chaunting a Canticle to *Tellus*, and resorting to his maimed Master, squeez'd the juice thereof into his wound, and then applying the leaf it self, bound it about with the rind of a Mulberry Plant, which gave him present ease, and occasioned his Benizon on solicitous *Soto* : By this time *Aurora* was visible in the East, clad in her purple Robe ; *Æous* began to shake his fiery Main, neighing so loud, that *Sol* (* who had slept with *Thetis* all that night) sat upright in his watry bed, and after a yawn or two, took his scourge in his hand ; the Champion and *Soto* therefore immediately set forward on their amorous enterprize, and were under the Belconey, where our War-like *Leander* expected his Lilly handed *Heroe* ere the Sun was warm in his Throne ; for some Minutes they diligently listned if they might hear any body stir, but neither jarr of Clock, nor the hoarse hum of any drowsie Groom to be heard, all things buried in so profound a silence, as if the God of dreams had here pitcht his Pavillion. Begin the Hymn, quoth *Zara*, the Canzonet that must give my Goddess the Alarm of Love, my self will help to bear

D 4

the

* For the better understanding of this read Dr. *Trig. Praxis puerilo*, p. 9000.

† See *Clavels* Recantation, p. 121.

|| By this it appears that the Sun himself is an Adultery. See the Act against Fornication, &c.

the burden ; then Soto having opened his Organ pipes with a Pegasian hem, began to warble the following Song :

SONG.

1.

A Rise thou true Aurora from thy East,
Too long (good faith) thou keep'st thy nest
Zara's no Incubus,
Nor thou a lazy Sus,
That thou art tardy thus,
Thy Champion's ready with his spear in Rest.

Ambo.

Then let the turn-pikes on my Chin,
Take thy half-Moon Fortrefs in.

2.

Cupid (alas) does suck my best blood out,
I drop at heart as old wives drop at snout,
No Brescian Bear loves boney,
Or down-chin'd Miser money,
Better then I thy Con ———
Appear, bright saint, and cure my amorous Gout,
And let the turn-pikes, &c.

3.

Love has not only drove his Peg
Through my heart, but through my Leg,
After such dire assault,
Here do I make a balt,
For I was ne'er yet shun'd by Doll or Meg.
Let then the turn-pikes, &c.

4.

Though (Mar's appointing so) I'm fram'd of Iron,
And that strong barrs of steel my flesh environ,

Though

*Though strong with stubborn wire,
I melt in thy Coal-fire,
Cupid's strong Curiafiere,
I am, then glorious Girl, put thy Attire on,
Then let the Turn-pikes, &c.*

5.

*Be thou my Sea-born Venus, I will be
Thy Mars, thy Vulcan (I go limpingly)
Let me view thy filken Dog,
(Able to vanquish Gogmagog)
I'll be thy Ape, be thou my clog,
To love, and not be lov'd, is misery.
Then let the Turn-pikes, &c.*

6.

*Let's laugh, and leave this World behind,
And procreate till we are blind,
That Gods may view,
With a Dildo-doe,
What we bake, and what we brew,
Tet our intrinsick fervour never find,
Then let the Turn-pikes on my chin,
Take thy Half-Moon Fortrefs in.*

They had no sooner finished their Ditty, but behold Madam Gyllo (apparelled in a loose vestment, her hair bound up in a carnation Cawl, which excellently became her) appeared (like another Juliet ready to receive her beloved Romeo) on the Battlements, bearing in her hand a Pewter Vessel, containing the quantity of about three quarts of that (which like the Spider, she had extracted from her own bowels) she had on purpose procured for our Champions reception, and it appears (* if there be any Tradition) it was the
Ladies

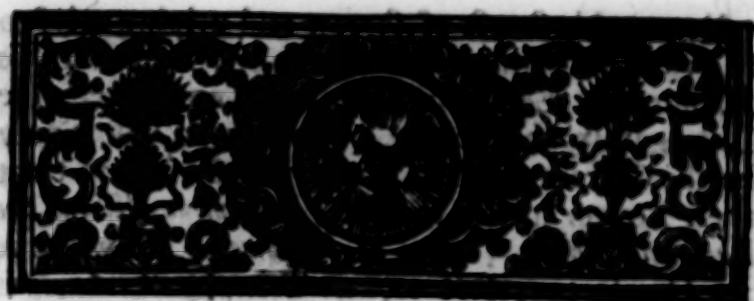
* See *Albertus Ajax*, de modo Cacandi, Tome 10.

Ladies ~~Order~~ to precipitate any excrementious substance from that very Window. The Champion and Soto greatly rejoiced to see this Morning Star irradiate that Horizon; but were soon returned to their quondam dejection, when they found their Ears unguented with warm water, well lanted with a vilcons Ingredient; the Lady having accomplished her Atchievement, returned to her place of rest, leaving Zara and Soto in the wildest wonder; nor let any (seeming) Solon tax their extasse, for even Alcides or Achilles had been the same sad ones, had Briseis or Ompale practised the like Complement; but after they had a long time busied their new wrenced) Eyes with gazing one upon another, like Men dropt from the Clouds, and perceiving the Lady had left them, without probability of return, they (without speaking one to another, so vast was their amazement) retired to their Grove, their Faces full of the ostents of shame and dolour.

End of the First Book.



Don



The SPANIARD: Or,
Don Zara del Fogo:

The Second BOOK.

CHAP. I.

Zara's passionate Complaint against the Lady Gylo, and all her Sex in general, Soto mitigates his ire, they travel to Mount Mongebell, where he is munificently treated by Lamia the Witch.

RETURNED to their Earth-wall'd Citadel, the Champion and Soto (like penitent Pilgrims) entred their Cave, hardly refraining to bedew each others Aspects with briny drops; Soto was the first that broke silence, who taking his Master by that hand made to pull up mighty Oaks, and pound prodigious Monsters and Tyrannous Tytans to attoms, * Let not my Lord, said he, tollerate

* Soto his Oration.

tollerate this source of sorrow and griping grief to to overwhelm him; we cannot, Sir, expound this Enigma, † *Ædipus* himself durst not enter the List against this *Sphinx*, who knows but it may be the Custom of this Country for Ladies to treat their Lovers in this method; || *Womens Actions are like their Wombs, not to be fathomed*; but we have no Oracle to resort to, no Temple of *Amon* or *Cumean Cave*; for my part, I believe the Lady whom you are so vext at, is of too noble and generous a temper to welcom her Votarist with an affront, besides she seems no *Penthesilea*, no *Camilla*, or *Britomart*, that she should think her self of sufficient strength to Bulwark her Mansion, and all within from the Battery of just vengeance, in case your warlike self should vow a devastation, there is therefore some difficult *Hyroeglyphical Catastasis* to be expected of this matter. Thou art (said the Champion a Traytor to my Honour, and a Betrayer of that Repute which I have hitherto retain'd despite of Envy; Dost thou think this could be any other than a contumelious Quip; * *Love though he be blind can smell*, and though thy sense and scent have forsaken thee at once, yet know that *Zara* cannot be deluded into a dull Heresie; henceforth I will abjure the thought of that nefarious Nitrosulphurous Sex, I will find some Country where it shall be Felony to acknowledge I ever look upon a Woman, and high Treason to say I had a Mother; let who will protect their Persons, bolster up their Beauties, cringe

† A Cunning Man or a teller of Fortunes; this was he who told the old Earl of *Essex* that his Mistress should make him headless. || Sentence. * An Axiom borrowed of *Lycophron*.

cringe to their Commands, and die to do them service; Give me my Arms, I will instantly demolish this crazy Castle, and put all its Tenants to the Sword, not sparing this very Woman, this vile Woman, who has most egregiously abused the truest and noblest Servant that ever laid Leg over Lady. *Soto* perceiving that the Hemisphere being so strangely clouded, Storms and Tempests must inevitably ensue, fell upon his knees, imbracing || the calves of the Champions Legs, beseeching him for his sake (his fideliſious Servant *Soto*) to mitigate his juſtly conceived diſpleaſure, and not to deſtroy whole Families for the fooliſh perpetration of one whoſe ignorance (as to his Perſon and parts) might ſomewhat excuſe her Crime; and though it be true (ſaid *Soto*) that in all Comedies more know the Clown, than the Clown knows, and though your Fame fill the Univerſe, this Lady yet may be one of thoſe whoſe Ears have not ſuck'd in the report: For thy ſake, ſaid the Champion, I will ſpare theſe wretches, and inhumie my intended Revenge; I confeſs I had been too bloody but for thee; thus the *Pelean* Youth was perſwaded by his *Patroclus* to wire-draw the Fate of *Troy*; I do acknowledge my ſelf a ſworn Servant to that ſweet Sex, and if (with *Neptolemus*) I had ſacrificed this fooliſh Female to *Rhamnuiſa*, I could not have expiated the giddy Crime without a tedious journey to *Paphos*; but let us leave this place, the Genius whereof (it ſeems) is an utter Enemy to Errant Knighthood; he then mounted his prancing Palfrey, who ſed not far off, putting
on

|| The more to win upon him; this kind of poſture was uſed by all ſuppliants of old. See *Cotton's Concord.* lib. 20. p. 30.

on his shining Armour, and enveloping his Head with a Cap of Steel; *Soto* (having first repleated his Crib with ripe Dates, Almonds, and other Fruits) had soon harnessed himself, and attended the motion of his Master, whose fretting Soul occasioned the galling of *Founder-foots* sides, and *Soto's* swet, for the Knight rode as some would run for their lives, like such another *Hotspur* as *Astolpho*, or *Rogero*, posting away from *Logestilla*; and how long this eager mood would have held him, Heaven knows, if his Eyes had not clap'd plummets upon his Heels, when he beheld a * Mountain of an incredible altitude, for (like *Atlas* and *Olympus*) its Head was hid in Clouds for many Leagues upward, out of whose torrid entrails flakes of fire (accompanied with most † hideous noise) took flight to Heaven, tow'ring in the troubled Air like so many ruin-portending Comets; these were no sooner vaded, but (with the same Thunder as before) stones far bigger than those belonging to Meal-Mills, were ejected with horrible fragours, able to have astonished any Mortal save *Zara*, who all unmoved, beheld this flaming heap, being a great Natural, and well versed in *Pliny*, and *Albertus Magnus*, but yet he would not dare his Destiny by an over-hardy intrusion too near the skirts of this voluminous Excrecence, whose hew were enough to perswade some that *Tellus* has formerly been a profound Tipler, and (to the immortal honour of good Fellowship) wears a rich Face.

* Read Sir *John Mandevil's* Geography. l. 40. and *Purchas's* Pilgrimage. Tom. 100. Tract. 10000.

† Perhaps the howlings of damned Souls.

Face. The Champion had not long contemplated the mysterious, and not to be resolved *Riddles that trackless Nature exhibits, but he perceived a Cot (not thatch'd, but cover'd over with blue slate, the outward Walls seeming all of shining Glass, yet notwithstanding more hard than iron) on his left hand in an humble Valley, that lay about half a League from this fiery Mountain, † as if this lowly Grot would teach aspiring Mankind, that to be safe is to shun the Mountains heights of greatness, a thick smoak issued out of the top of this Tenement, the infallible symptom of some Hospitable Inhabitant, hither our Champion address'd himself, with a resolve to rest for some minutes, but knocking at the door with the pumel of his Sword, and calling to those (in all probability) within, he received no answer, only the courteous door of it self opened, as inviting him to enter, which he did, Soto following him; the first thing he beheld was a kind of Pen, or or puny Prison, but far stronger than those the British Shepherds imure their Flocks in; in it were included a great number of (seeming) * Dogs, Wolves, Badgers, Foxes, Apes, and Monkeys, who upon the Champion's approach manifested all the signs of Amity, the Dogs wagged their Tails, and frisk'd upon him, the Wolves lick'd his Hands, the Badgers crouched at his Feet, the Foxes (throwing away all the williness) became his real suppliants,

* See Aristotle's Problems, Erra Pater, and unheard of Curiosities.

† Sentence borrowed out of Green's Groatsworth of Wit, p. 10.

* These were once proper Men, but now Metamorphosed by this Circe into Beasts.

suppliants; Apes danced antick meerly to make him mirth, and the Monkeys, in the language of the Face and the Eye, made many protestations of sincere service: *Zara* was something amazed at this strange, yet auspicious entertainment from Creatures whom he had never before convers'd with: What would have animated others, would have animated him; and that which to others had been *Latbe*, to him was *Helens* portion; nor was he so bestial, but to take notice of the courtesie of these Creatures whom he complemented peculiarly, with so winning a garb, that though Oratory were wanting, their silence spake more than some could have uttered with all the ornaments of Rhetorical Elocution: Passing these, he came to a door which he found fast lock'd, but peeping through the Key-hole, he perceived where a Lady of excellent beauty was sitting by a fire made of the roots of Fir, sorting heaps of Herbs, a Girdle (borrowed from the Head of a *Hyena*) full of Magical Characters about her waste, her Rod, Staff, and other implements of Sorcery stood by her on a Table of Absterfive Ebony, and about her Head (with such noise as Bees commonly make when they conglomerate) flew millions of * Batts, Dorrs, and Butter-flyes: This Lady was no other than the Enchantress *Lamia*, a Woman insatiately luxurious, insomuch that no Traveller that way, of what Degree or Condition soever, could escape her; those that refused to accompany her, she immediately turned into Beasts, appointing them

perpe-

* These were Devils no doubt, who Complemented *Lamia* in such shapes. See *Bodin de Bullibus*, lib. 90.

petual Captivity; this wicked Witch knowing by her Art, that *Don Zara* should about this time visit sit Mount *Mongibell*; she (as was her constant manner upon the like occasion) transform'd her self (at other times a meer *Magera*, the very Emblem of deformity, and the compendium of a Chaos) into a most beauteous shape; *Don Zara* must be the *Ulysses* whom this *Circe* will admit to her imbraces, and now perceiving his approach, she commanded her ill-manner'd door to give him ingress, and her self rising from her Chair gave him that welcome which denoted the high esteem she had of him; her Menial Train (which were all * Statues of Marble, bearing the figures of untouch'd Virgins, yielded him homage; an Ivory Chair of its own accord branching it self beneath his buttocks, where he was no sooner seated, but a Table richly furnished with rare Vyands and sweet Wines opposed it self to his view, the Marble bodied Maidens waiting obsequiously and filling forth the Wine with much agility. *Soto* (at the appointment of the Chantress) sat down also, but he who had noted the gogling of his Eyes (roving up and down as if he meant to muster all the varieties in the room) would have concluded him a Puppet, whose every part found motion upon wire: The Champion as was his usual guise) fed rapaciously, and so gave *Lamia* good hope of his strenuous activity, when *Venus* should make proo of his procreative part; the eating humour being over (grasping a vast Goblet in his Hand, whereon was pourtrayed the

E History

* These Damsels were created by *Dedalus*, whose Statues (as *Plato* affirms wou'd walk and shew many fine Tricks.

History of *Jo*, being turned into a white Cow, the great *Jupiter* Bulling her) he drank a deep Health to the Inchan'ress; most excellent Lady, I now celebrate your Highness's Health with as true a Heart as ever I came from School; This said, he exhausted the steeeple bowl with such rigorous velocity, that *Lamia* could not but be astonished at the worthiness of the Man: Sir, quoth she, you are Master of all those ways that win most upon us Women, but I cannot but wonder at the bravery of your Brain, that can brook such torrents as these: Sweet Lady, quoth the Champion I always drink with the same Courage that I use to cleave those Helms that are thought Thunder-proof.

*Fill me a Bowl, that I may Bathe my Head in't.
And rise like Phæbus in the East,
Shaking my dewy locks.*

This said, he kiss'd the Inchantress with such ardency, as if he would have eaten her lips off, who very patiently permitted him to dwell upon those Twin-Cherries, and sometimes to practice what good *Rogero* and *Alcyna* once experimented, when their Tongues became insoul'd, as *Sampson's* Foxes were inchain'd.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Soto courts Lapida. The Inchantress turns him into a Horse. She raises the Ghost of Hercules, whom Zara encounters with, and is knock'd down. He is extremely enraged, but at length appeased by Lamia, who recreates his Senses with many rare Sports and Passimes.

W Hile his Master was thus Billing, it had been Shame for *Soto* to sit as a Mute, or whistle upon his Thumbs ends, when so many beautions Objects (as it were) offer'd themselves to his Embraces; therefore (after Solemnization of the Health) he rose up, and Addressed himself to *Lapida* (the fairest and most portly of all the Attendant Nymphs) * Most pellucid Paragon, quoth he, whose Fulgor famishes the Fame of *Hero*, *Helen* or *Hebe*; vouchsafe most Illustrious morsel of Maids Flesh, to accept of Squire *Soto's* Service, chief Chamberlain, and sole Secretary to the magnanimous and munificent *Don Zara del Fogo*, whose Body and Soul shall cringe to thy Commands; *Lapida* returned him no Answer, save what her Virgin Blushes afforded, which animated *Soto* to a nearer Approach, folding his sinewy Arms about her slender Wasse, and clinging close to her coral Lips, which occasion'd many Mops and Mows from the other marble Maidens, and caused *Lapida* to desert his desired Embraces with a cloudy Brow. *Soto* being thus shaken off, returned to his quondam Station,

E 2

* *Soto* compliments *Lapida* in a most elegant elaborate Stile, perhaps having read the Academy of Eloquence.

tion, finding his Master in deep Discourse with the Inchantress, who, at his Request, informed him, That those her Hand-Maids were the Legitimate Issue of * *Pigmalion*, whom (though the ancient Bards knew it not) the compassionate Gods, pitying *Pigmalion's* sufferance, graciously trans-elemented, furnishing her with the finest Flesh, and all other Feminine Endowments. I perceive Madam, said *Zara*, that your bright Self can bring marvelous Things to pass by your occult Perpetrations, I was once so bewitch'd that I could not Shite, till two or three Candles ends were thrust up my--; Pray Madam, give your Servant to know what miraculous Things may be effected by Inchantments. I will not hide from thee (my dearest *Zara*) said the Sorceress, † that by the Potency of my Spells, and Incantation, I can take off the Top of *St Marks* Steeple in *Venice*, and clap it upon *St. Peters* in *Rome*, I can contract the Elements, and (but that I would not destroy this goodly Mass of Things) jumble all to its original Chaos; I can seclude *Æolus* and his Sons in a Hawking-bag, I can turn the Tide of *Tygris* or *Nyle*, cloath the Earth with Flowers, the Trees with Leaves, and the Fields with verdure; in the midst of Winter I can call down *Luna* when I list from her Sphere; give Life to the Dead, and Death to the Living; metamorphise,

* *Pigmalion* prov'd to have had Issue by his Marble Mistress, a rare piece of Antiquity, hitherto not made Publick.

† The Inchantress declares what wondrous things may be done by Witchcraft, a fine Story and undoubtedly true having been an Article of Faith in all former Ages, and believ'd by very Wise Men of our time.

tamorphise Men into Beasts, and Beasts into Men ; cause Thunder and Lightning, Blasting and Mildews, Storms and Tempests, Earth-quakes and Water-quakes, demolish the stoutest Structures by Land, and the goodly Vessels by Sea, with a Nod. Having thus spoken, she called *Soto* unto her, and taking *Zara* by the Hand, she said, That thou may'st have proof of my Abilities, and that thou art respected by her, who can countermand the Counsels of the Gods, behold the Transmutation of thy Squire ; with that, rising up, she waved her Wand three times over *Soto's* Skull, thrice she turned unto the East, and as many times unto the West, mumbling over some misterious Mattens, till *Soto* by degrees * was transhaped into a goodly Steed, who shaking his crested Main, and pawing on the Pavement, neighed aloud, like another *Phobos* or *Dimos*, insomuch that the Champion (had not the Love he bore to his Servant overcome his hasty Wishes) could have been contented that *Soto* should have continued in that Shape, *Founder-foot* being turn'd to Grass in the wide World : *Soto* had not long prov'd himself a perfect prancing Palfray, but the courteous Inchantress restored him to his pristine Shape, to the Champion's exceeding contentment, but to *Soto's* extream dejection, who never after could (faithfully) fancy himself any other save a very Beast : This Business over, the Inchantress willing to delight the Champion, demanded of him which of the ancient Worthies (*Goliath*, *Judas Macchabeus*, &c.) he had most mind to behold ; I wou'd fain feast my Eyes, quoth he, with perusing the Person of that Monster-taming

E 3

Hercules

* *Soto's* Metamorphosis.

Hercules, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*, he that made no more of a Lion then of an *Ireland* Cur, who wielded Mountains as Pibbles, drew *Cacus* out of his Den by the Heels, and demolished mighty Cities with a fillup of his Finger: The Champion had scarce spoke, but a Tree sprang up, * whose top almost touched the Clouds, its broad Branches were loaden with Apples of Gold, most radiant to the Eye, about whose Body a Dragon (of an unmeasur'd greatness) twined itself, evomorating flames of Fire mingled with Hail-Stones of an incredible Magnitude; *Hercules* had soon vanquish'd the Dragon, writhing his Neck with as much dexterity, as a Poulterer would spoil the cackling of a *British* Hen; the Champion, tho' dehorted from it by the Inchantress, would needs salute this noble Shade, but received a very rough return of his Congratulation, for *Alcides* very rudely smote him on the Head with his huge Club, so that he sunk to the Ground as Dead, wallowing up and down, as their manner is, who are suddenly surprized with fits of the Mother, or, *Hercules's* own Disease, the Falling-Sickness: *Alcides* having done this scathe, slipped away very sily, leaving the Champion, almost soul-less, sprawling upon the Floor: *Soto* was in an extream Agony for his Master; *Lamia* was grieved and her Hand-Maids heavy; but the Inchantress soon recovered him by watering his Visnomy with her warm Urine, the Customary way (it seems) of that Country to revive the infebled, which not only illuminated his dim Eyes, but circumgyring about his Weasand, inforced him to a manly Neese, so that within a little time, to their great Comfort) he

* Iy this it appears that the Roof was not Vaulted.

he fate up, calling for some Wine, which being brought, he drank a hearty Draught to the Inchantress, tho' one might perceive, with half an Eye, Wrath and Disdain in Capital Characters on his front; which *Lamia* perceiving, administred this Julip to allay his fiery Choller.

Sir, quoth she, I perceive your Soul sits heavy on its Strings, wounded with dolour for *Hercules's* rigid contumacy, and that your Heart has enter'd into Covenant with your Hands, justly intraged to be shaken in pieces by a shadow, to inflict a sudden and severe Revenge; but know most redoubted Champion, that Spirits are of a Substance altogether impenetrable, and your Anger cannot dilate itself to a deserved Punishment; how much did I dehort you from so dangerous an Attempt; but the best on't is, your Sun-like Fame cannot be Eclipsed by this Interposition; for you were not felled by a Gyant, but a Goblin; by a Don, but a Dæmon; not by *Achilles*, but by *Alcides* himself: O Heaven, said the Champion, pointing to the Place where he was knock'd down, that what neither Man nor Monster durst to have put in Practice, should be consummated by a paltry Spectre, a subteranean Shade, and airy Incubus; O *Alcides*, that thy Soul were in Flesh, that I might grasp thy Gygantick bulk betwixt my mighty Arms; thou should'st find me no * *Anteus*, or *Achelous*; but I pour out my Complaints to the vacant Air, and fruitlessly deplore a helpless ill. *Lamia* (whose Privy

E 4

Parts

* Two sturdy Wrestlers.

Parts melted in the *Paphian* Fire) purposing to put a period to the good Knight's grief, by the potent vigour of her *Thessalean* Art, called up the Ghosts of * *Orpheus* and *Amphion*, who playing upon their Heavenly Harps, made most dulcid Melody ; then entered *Flora*, accompany'd with a Drove of *Dryades*, clad in green, their Heads encircled with Flow'ry Anadems, who Hand in Hand danced the *Spanish* way, to the Champion's unspeakable Contentment. By this time the Sun was sunk near his Evening Region, to *Glaucus's* infinite Joy, who thought each Minute an Age, till she had tasted those Oily sweets, which she resolved to retalliate with Amber-Suds, that every Errant Knight prostrates at the Port-Cullis of his Paramour.

† Two famous Fiddlers.



CHAP.

C H A P. III.

Lamia and the Champion are Transported thro' the Air in a Charriot, drawn by two flying Dragons, to the Vale of Vassalage. The manner how Witches wed themselves to the Devil, They visit Charon's House, where they find his Wife Fatua at her Housewifry. Charon's Canticle. They pass over the River Styx, coming to the very Gates of Barathrum, where they hear Pluto's Proclamation.

*Lamia lay naked in her Bed,
and Zara's self lay by,
Upon his Flesh she fiercely fed,
more sweet then Pork or Pye, &c.*

OUR Champion and his beautiful Mistriss were no sooner secluded in the silken Walls of a rich Bed, but he perform'd those rites due to those twin-Goddesses, *Concupiscentia* and *Cytherea*, while *Soto*, like a faithful Squire, accommodated *Founder-foot* with Fodder, and other Conveniences, hanging up his Master's Armour, his Sword, Mace, and other Martial properties, as he hoped, in the *Acanal* of *Janus*; * for tho' *Soto* could willingly brook the brunt of a Bickering, the fatallity of a Fight, and the consternation of a Combat, yet he was no Foe to a tranquilious Subsistence, no Peace-hater,
or

* *Soto's Elogy.*

or profest Enemy to † *Comus*: Having disposed of all things most methodically, he departed to his Bed with much Grief, Heaven knows, that what his Master presided, could not be his Example.

Return we now to our thrice Renowned Knight, and his Spelcharming Associate, the courteous *Lamia*, who having reciprocally recreated themselves almost to a surfeit, suffered *Somnus* to make prize of their Senses, *Doing causes Drowsiness*: But they had not slept six Hundred Minutes e're *Lamia* call'd to mind, what till then was slipt from her Memory, viz. the hour of meeting her Sisterhood in the Vale of *Vassalage* (so called, for that in this swarthy Grot the Inchantress and her co-partners did Homage to the King of Flames) she threw herself out of the Bed with such violence, that the Champion awaked, and desiring his Dear to give him the Cause of her so impetuous arisal, she answered, my dear Servant, it is no time now to use prolix Narrations, please to desert the Bed, you shall soon know the Cause why I left you. *Zara*, who was now as true a Lover as ever offered Incense to *Aphrodite*, soon obeyed his Mistress's Commands, and was presently (as already she had serv'd herself) Anointed from Head to Foot with an Unguent, whose favor might aptly be compar'd to that * Chymical Dew, extracted from the Dung of an Infant; this done, they adorned their Bodies with the

* A famous fat Cook, canonized by Pope Sylvester the XXII. after he had been Worshipped many Ages by the Greeks with divine Honours. See Cook's Instit. Tome 30. p. 1001.

† *Oleum turdidum Infantium*. See Culpeper's Dispensatory, p. 100.

Chap. III. *Don Zara del Fogo.* 59

the same Weeds worn the Day before, and then *Lamia*, having girded her Magical Cincture about her Waste, approached the Hearth, where (by the wondrous Operation of her Art) the Fire was never extinct, the immortal Flame deriving its Pedigree from that Celestial un-extinguishable Brand which was Born before the mighty *Darius*, when he march'd against little great *Alexander*, to make Proof which of them two merited the Worlds Moytie. Into this Fire she flung a great many poysonous Weeds, which (with a rusty Knife) she had lately cropped on Mount *Caucasus*, and other Cambrian Promontories before the break of Day; to this she added † the Entrails of those ominous Birds, the Owl, and hoars Night Raven, blended with red Storax, and the Blood of a Lapwing, the shavings of a Shooing-horn, the feathers of a Salamander, the cry of a Mandrake, and the tongue of a Jews-Harp; this done, she enter'd her Orbicular Goal (taking the Champion with her, who stood trembling all the time, and let none marvel if the most Magnanimous Man living be appalled at the Approach of Devils, there being no greater Antipathy to be imagined, then between a terrestrial Substance, and an Inhabitant of *Orcus*) making the very basis of this vast Ball to totter with her first Accents, repeating this coercive Charm:

* *Great Heccat, Restress of Shades,
Plashey Grots, and gloomy Glades.*

Neptune's

† See Doctor Lamb's Aphorisms, lib. 2. tract 17. Aphos 1000000.

* The Reader must take heed that he read not this Charm either in private, with his Face East by North, when the Winds are high, or after Sun-set.

Neptune's never-failing Friend,
 Whom Night-Goblins do attend :
 Flitting from their Ponds and Lakes,
 From mirey Boggs, and thorny Brakes.
 By whose Beams (when Sol's away)
 Span-long Infants sport and play.
 By the Lapland Haggs Hoarf-hum,
 And great Demogorgon's Drum.
 By the Mandrakes killing Cry,
 And the Owls harsh Melody.
 By Alecto's snaky Twine,
 And the Tyre of Proserpine.
 By fiery Phlegeton and Styx,
 And puck-Hayries Genetrix.
 Left I ding the down to Hell
 (By the Vigour of my Spell)
 Aid, O Aid my great Desires,
 By those ever-wandering Fires,
 That lead Travellers astray,
 All the Night till break of Day.

This potent, and never-equall'd Incantation
 (dangerous to be iterated by the Reader in an
 audible tone) was no sooner utter'd by the Inchant-
 tress, but it tonitruated horribly, fulminating
 promiscuously from all parts of the troubled He-
 misphere, the Earth was shaken with an Ague fit,
 huge Oaks were torn up by the roots, and strong
 Structures levell'd with the ground, when behold
 a Chariot (seeming all of fire) drawn by a couple
 of Comets in the shapes of Dragons, received La-
 mia and the Champion, who travelled through
 the

the Air till they came to the Vale of *Vassalage*, where alighting, they found the mighty Monarch of *Gebenna* (* his bulk like some huge Mountain horned like a Goat, his feet resembling Serpents, two rows of Teeth, each longer then the Mast of a Ship,) sitting beneath a Cypress Tree, to whose Trunk (as his manner always was) he turned his prodigious face, allowing all, or most part of his back parts only to be kissed, which all there (with most humbly obeysance) saluted, and then with a joynt Acclamation (crying † *Har, Har,*) they joined in an Antick Dance; which finish'd, each Sorcerers had the fruition of her Incubus, *Lamia* not excepted, which exceedingly stirred the Champions choller; after this, they sat down to feast, the Earth, Air, and Seas being plundered of its Inhabitants, to satiate these Sorcerous wretches; the Champion (who never gave his Teeth cause to curse his Tardity) fed with the foremost, but the spight was, the eating time being over, he could not mix with the rest in the Coranto; for the truth was, our Champions Parents were no Courtiers, nor himself ever acquainted with the nice Puntilloes of Kings Pallaces; All being vanish'd on a sudden, our Knight and *Lamia* were left alone, who preparing to take Coach in order to their Journey homeward, the courageous *Don* grasping his Mistress snowy hand, thus divulg'd himself:

So

* The description of the Devil, according to the frequent confessions of Witches and Sorcerers.

† The same with that of *Pasquil, de legibus*, lib. 30. claw a Churle (*i. e.* the Devil) by the Arse he'll shite in your Hand.

So many and so great (most mellifluous Madam) have those favours been extended to me your worthless Servitor, that were my head stuffed with the wit of *Hermes*, my forehead deck'd with the branches of *Pan*, my eyes irradiated with the fulgency of *Sol*, my cheeks adorn'd with the Roses of *Ganymede*, my nose still running with divine *Nepenthe*, my lips qualified with a Carnation tincture, my teeth of that very Ivory which pierced up the shoulder of *Petops*, my beard the Beesom of Heaven, my neck a *Pharian* Tower, my shoulders bearing up the World with *Atlas*, my arms sphearing the Earth, my hands grasping both Poles, my belly more big then the Tun at *Heildelbergh*, my thighs strutting like a *Rhodian* Coluss, my legs supporters of the Globe, and my feet like those of *Erichonius*, yet I could never be Master of such a Gratitude as might refun'd the sixtieth part of your incomparable indulgency; add but one more to all your past favours, and make me eternally yours. I have heard that *Ulysses* and *Aeneas*, || I will not name *Hercules*, (the true Types of me) had the happiness to visit that dark Dungeon where the damn'd dwell, and to have commerce with those *Aetherial* souls that dance together in the *Elisian* Shades; and yet returned (safe and sound) to their terrestrial abodes; I would fain know what is done in the other World, tho' I have no Ambition to injure any there, or (with *Hercules*) to captivate *Cerberus*.

That you may know (said *Lamia*) what an immense power you have over me (though the Adventure be dreadful and dangerous) you shall have the

Chap. III. *Don Zara del Fogo.* 63

the fruition of your desires, be sure you enjoin your tongue the strictest silence; this said, she and the Champion re-entered their Charriot, being transported over Woods, Cities, Seas, Villages, and tops of tall Steeples, and in a trice arrived at that very place where (after solemn Sacrifice to his Mothers soul) *Ulysses* began his Progress to *Pluto's* Monarchy; here they disburthen'd their Caroach, and the Inchantress taking *Zara* by the hand, departed down a pair of winding stairs, having no light save a kind of duskyish glimmering, such as some call Twi-light; the bellowing of black Rivers and Schrieking of Furies made a dreadful diapason, to which was added a pestilential smell as of Brimstone, *Neptba*, &c. They Travelled so long down these stairs, that *Zara* (who now repented his rash option) imagin'd himself concentrated in the Earth, and now they beheld an exceeding high Wood, whose top seem'd to touch the Clouds, every Tree had its branches laden with a kind of swarthy Fruit resembling Cucumbers, each of them including a damned Soul, who were incessantly tormented in the bowels of these Cucumbers, without hope of Infranchisement: Having past this Wood, they arriv'd at the very brink of the River *Styx*, whose dark waves evaporated a thick smoak; here they found *Charons* Boat (with only one Oar in it) fastned to part of that Cottage where the grisly Ferriman resided, but no Boat-man to be met with; the occasion of *Charon's* absence was this, *Pluto* had newly married his eldest daughter *Tenebrosa* to the great Duke *Mara-*
don, whose Territories extended from *Pblegeton* Lake *Avernus*, having under his command sixty Regions; and this wither'd Waterman had imployment as Pilot in *Pluto's* chief *Galeon*, to convey

convey the Princely pair and their Retinue over *Achæron* to their own Dominions; the Inchantress was extreemly vexed to find *Charon* a non-resident, insomuch that she was once resolv'd to punish Hell and Heaven, as culpable of a contumacy, when behold *Charon's* Consort (*Fatua*) a Matron of much gravity, and daughter to *Chaos* and *Nox*, fell at the Inchantress feet, beseeching her not to be offended at her husbands absence, relating that his Prince had summoned his service, with all intreating her to approach her homely Mansion; *Lamia* and the Champion were not shie to enter this homely Pavilion, where they found a candid Reception from the aged *Fatua*, who upon their entrance threw a kind of Gum into the fire (made of a kind of Pumice, much resembling the British Turf) by vertue whereof, the Room where they were seemed more luminous then the House of *Sol*, they received celestial Visions, and fancied themselves equal with the Gods, they had not long injoyed this beautifical Vision, but they heard the aged *Ferrimens* voice, who sang the following Canticle, walking upon the Surges.

S O N G.

I.

Foolish Mortals (fed with Pap)
(Sporting in cold Tellus lap)

Always scraping, always scoring,

Always drinking, always whoring,

You spend your Lives,

With wag-tail'd Wives,

While the subtil Syrens rock ye

'Till your proud flesh make ye pockey.

Dri-

*Driving Acres down your Gullets,
'Till you dine with butter'd Bullets,
Drink and drab, study and stare on.
You must all Conclude with Charon.*

2.

*Wash your throats with Wine and Wort,
The Gods made Man to make them sport;
Nor can ye e'er be called Men,
Though ye write threescore and ten;
T'are leaden Daddies,
To light Ladies,
Ships floating on a Sea of Glass,
The Stagerite was but an Ass.
Drink and drab, study and stare on,
You must all Conclude with Charon.*

By this time the grey-bearded Oar-man had gained his Hive, and with a chearful hum saluted *Lamia* and the Champion after his rustick manner, who returned him more Complemental Retribution : The Inchantress had no need to inform him of her design, * *None ever toucht the Strond of Styx, but they ballasted Charons Boat* : wherefore taking leave of *Fatua*, they immediately Imbarked themselves, the tough old Seignior (having been well feasted in the Court of *Pluto*) tugg'd at the Oar like any Terrestrial Barge-man against Wind and Tide ; but by that time they were half way over *Styx*, they espyed an aged † Person all naked, of a venerable Aspect (very near them) crying out for help, for that he was in danger of drowning :

F

The

* Sentence.

† He is very oblivious that knows not this old Mans name. See *Apuleius* his Golden Calf, li. 6. p. 12.

The Champion, (moulded of a noble mind) was profering him his hand, had not *Lamia* hindered him, who related unto him briefly what this old Man was, and how inevitable a ruin had ensued, in case he had afforded him aid; e're her Caution found period, they were within sight of shore, where they landed, giving *Charon* his usual Sallary, who (wondring what Mister Wights these were, since he had not above thrice before had experience of the like) took his leave with more Ceremony than usual, and returned to his Wherry.

The place where the Sorcerers and our Champion now were, seemed a Marish ground, or rather a perfect Quagmire over-grown with blasted Reeds, and wither'd Sedge, yet of so solid a surface, that they trampled as upon *Scythian* Ice; being past this Bog, they presently came to the very Gates of *Barathrum*, fashion'd of burnish'd Brass, which (contrary to Ancient and Modern belief) were fast locked, for that the God of Ghosts had lately made Proclamation.

Pluto's Proclamation.

FOrasmuch as our Brother Jupiter King of Heaven (minding meerly his peculiar interest, and self-Glory) daily Delegates numberless multitudes of the more leprous, turbulent, and factious sort of souls for our Territories, to the disturbance of our Weal, and apparent Assassination of our Monarchy, while we are in daily danger of dethronizing by the malevolent combinations of Cursed spirits; These are therefore to Will and Command you Cerberus, our chief Porter in ordinary, with the assistance of our trusty and well beloved Minos, Lord chief Justice of Tartarus, that

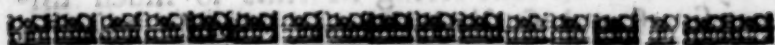
none

Chap. IV. *Don Zara del Fogo.* 67

none of what condition or quality soever, be permitted to pass as Pilgrims, or otherwise) into our Dominions, that shall not be able to render an account of their good behaviour in the upper World, and willingly take the Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy: This you are not to fail at your utmost peril;

Witness our Self, at *Ætna*.

The horrid clamours that were heard within, made the Champion with himself in that very Cave again, where the Bear baited him; but there is no receding now; * *He who sets his foot upon Hells Threshold, shall be enforced to enter the House.*



CHAP. IV.

The Incantress and Zara visit the innermost parts of Hell. A Description of the various torments inflicted on the damned, 'till now not known. Thence they pass to Elizium, where they find all in uproar, and return to Lamia's abode.

Lamia and the Champion had returned without their errand, had not *Minos* (who knew the Incantress knock) commanded *Cerberus* to paw open the Gates, yet though the Judge were a great honourer of *Lamia* and the Champion, he durst not permit them to pass on 'till they had taken the † Oath, and signed the Instrument; which

F 2

done,

* Sentence.

† I A. B. See *Cornel Agrippa* his *Occult Philosophy*, or *Tullies Love*, written by the Masters of Art.

done, they had free emission : Then the Inchantress again anointed her self and *Zara* (with an Unguent far different from the former) that so they might walk upon red hot Irons, tread on fiery Serpents, and if need were) wade through Rivers of boyling Lead untouched ; she also (for the preservation of his person, though to the torture of his tongue) boared a hole with her Bodkin quite thorow that garulous nerve, which Nature (very politickly) had secluded in † Ivory grates, which made him bleat like one burned for swearing, drawing a Ribband of a Sea-green colour thorow the Orifice, which tyed a true || loves Knot so amply, that a gag could not have given better security to the Sheriff for a Pilloriz'd Factionist : This done, they beheld all that erring Mortals so much discourse of and so little know, but the Devil a *Tyitius*, *Tantalus*, or *Ixon* were there ; *Sisiphus* indeed was sitting upon his Stone very melancholly, a bowl of boyling liquor before him, which he often sip'd on, but very charily for fear of scalding his chaps, it seem'd no other than an absterfise Posset, curdled with shavings of Ebony, *Nero*, *Heliogabalus*, *Caligula*, *Commodus*, *Basilides*, *Mezentius*, and a thousand other Tyrants branded by antiquity were there, yet neither broyling in blue flames, nor fishing for Salamanders in fiery Rivers ; but what was worse, *Nero* was Cobling of shoes, *Heliogabalus* and *Caligula* were busie at the Forge, *Commodus* crying (like any Coftermon-
ger

† By this it is evident that the Champion was not toothless.

|| The Emblem of *Lamia's* affection.

ger) * Pippins eight pence the hundred *Basflides* and *Mezentius* (sweating under their burthens) were carrying sacks of Coals into *Pluto's* Kitchen; such (like punishments were inflicted on *Pbalaris*, the *Sycillian* brethren, and others.

The Inchantress and *Zara* made all the haste they could from this dreadful Den, and are now arrived in the *Elizian* Shades.

*Where are no Locusts, nor six-footed Lice,
But Popin-jays, and Birds of Paradise,
Plump youths with bucksome maids do what the yplease,
And never fear the fatal French disease.*

Here they found six of *Sol's* Sons (begotten on *Climine*) making perpetual Day, not seated in Chariots, or forced to use the Whip as their aged Father *Phabus*, but walking up and down, or sitting, as best sorted with the Society of those sublime Souls, who Inhabited this thrice-happy Place; not a Shrub here but breathed Odours, the bountious Soil was cloathed all over with Roses and Lillies, Fruits as fair, as fragrant of tast, offered themselves to be pluck'd by any Consecrated Hand, *Vulturnus* was incessantly Active in plundering the Ocean of its perfumes, which he unladed here, fanning whole Piles of Sabeau Gums, and Syrian Spices, with his purpled Plumes, till these blessed Ones were inveloped with Aromatick Clouds; no Female, here, is branded with that egregious Epithet of *Wbore* and *Strumpet*, for all Women are in

E 3

common,

* In a wicket-basket with three Legs.

† Viz. *Phaton*, *Brenio*, *Boraebio*, *Brunello*, *Borea*, *Bodino*. See the *Muses* Interpr.

common, only they boast not the Act of Generation, for then *Jupiter* must enlarge his *Elizium*; but (as if these two had brought * *Ate* along with them) there happen'd such a Business amongst these blessed Ones this Day, as had not been known in thirty Thousand Years before, for *Ajax Telamon* by the instigation of *Thirsites*, a Fellow as much mis-shapen of Mind as Body) had upbraided *Ulysses* with Cowardice in the *Grecian War*, and (which all *Lethe* could not make him forget) that he attain'd *Achilles's* Armour rather by odious Connivance, then by oraculous Eloquence; upon this the *Trojan* Worthies congregated in heaps led by their old Chieftain *Hector*, and the *Greeks* appeared in great Bodies under conduct of *Achilles*, so that all *Elizium* was in uproar, while (as if to pour Oyl upon the Fire) another brawl was newly broach'd among the Gown-men, *Homer* having smote *Hesiod* on the Head very grievously, for boasting behind his Back, that himself was in all Respects his Rival; *Pindar*, *Stesichorus*, *Coluthus*, *Lychopron*, took part with *Homer*; but *Moschus*, *Bion*, *Theocritus* and *Anacreon* were for *Hesiod*; this was no sooner bruited abroad, but it gave occasion to *Statius* to vaunt himself equal with *Virgil*, as if *Adrastus* were co-equal with *Aeneas*; here was a new matter for *Lucretius*, *Lucan*, *Ovid*, and *Horace* declared themselves point blank for *Virgil*; *Propertius*, *Catullus*, *Martial*, and *Persius* took part with *Statius*, so that there was like to be fighting on all Hands; the *Greeks* divided under *Homer* and *Hesiod*, and the *Latins* under *Virgil* and *Statius*, and it had

* A Woman of a harsh tumultuous Temper, a broacher of Brawls and fomentor of Quarrels. See *Vasquende Belinsgatio*.

had been well, had the Horror (like to ensue) made a halt here, for the Fire of Emulation burnt fiercely in every angle of this Paradise; the *British* Bards (forsooth) were also engaged in quarrel for Superiority; and who think you, threw the Apple of Discord amongst them, but *Ben. Johnson*, who had openly vaunted himself the first and best of *English* Poets; this Brave was resented by all with the highest Indignation, for *Chaucer* (by most there) was esteemed the Father of *English* Poesie, whose only unhappiness it was, that he was made for the time he lived in, but the time not for him: *Chapman* was wondrously exasperated at *Ben's* boldness, and scarce refrained to tell (his own *Tale of a Tub*) that his *Isabel* and *Mortimer* was now compleated by a Knighted Poet, whose Soul remained in Flesh, hereupon *Spencer* (who was very busie in finishing his *Fairy Queen*) thrust himself amidst the throng and was received with a shout by *Chapman*, *Harrington*, *Owen*, *Constable*, *Daniel* and *Drayton*, so that some thought the matter already decided; but behold *Shakespear* and *Fletcher* (bringing with them a strong party) appeared, as if they meant to water their Bays with Blood, rather than part with their proper Right, which indeed *Apollo* and the Muses (had with much justice) conferr'd upon them, so that now there is like to be a trouble in Triplex; * *Skelton*, *Gower* and the Monk of *Bury* were at Daggers-drawing for *Chaucer*; *Spencer* waited upon by a numerous Troop of the best Book-men in the World; *Shakespear* and *Fletcher* surrounded

E 4

with

* *Henry* the IV's Poet Laureat, who wrote *Disguises* for the young Prince.

with their Life-Guard, Viz. *Goffe, Massinger, Decker, Webster, Sucklin, Cartwright, Carew, &c.* O ye *Per-nassides!* What a Curse have ye cast upon your Helliconian Water-Bailiffs? that those whose Names (both Sir and Christen) are filed on Fames Trumpet, and whom Envy cannot wound, shall now Perish by intestine Discord, and home-bred Dissention; while these stirs were on foot, *Pitthagoras, Socrates, Plato, Plotinus, Epicurus, Empedocles, Anaxagoras, Anaximander, Chrysippus, Epictetus, Zeno, Aristotle, &c.* both Perapateticks, Stoicks, Epicureans, and all the (sometime) discordant Sects of Philosophers (being now all of one self-same Opinion, *Diogenes* excepted, who could by no means be won to a Compliance) were all seated in the School of * *Scepticus*, not ashamed to learn this in the *Ætherial*, which they trampled upon in the Terrestrial World; while they were giving diligent attention here, the gap grows wider, and open War is almost proclaimed by the busie ones of *Elizium*, but the clement Gods would not suffer so dire a catastasis, for *Hermes* entring the Lifts, threw down his Warder, summoning the incensed Bards to *Phæbus* Tribunal, there to render an account of this wild Action; the Ring-leaders of the *Greeks* and *Trojans* (almost by the Ears about *Ajax's* Business) *Cylenus* arrested with his *Caducifer*, warning them forthwith to appear before *Mars*, to answer this prodigious contempt of his Power and Sovereignty, for he being the God of Swords and Salt-Peter, challenges the sole Superiority (as well over the brawling Wives of *Belingsgate*

* Who taught that there was no power but that of the Sword. See *Arise Evans's* Prophecies.

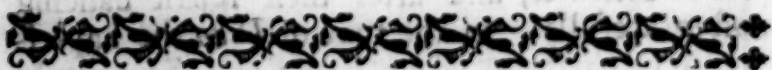
gate as the Subburbian Hectors) both for the creating, carrying on, and composure of all Quarrels from the *Lrish* Skeyn to the Scottish Dagger. This sullen Hemisphere is now serene again, and the more peaceful Souls discarded of their Anxieties; the Inchantress gave little regard to the (new appeased) Garboyles, but the Champion took great pleasure in their perusal, wishing a prolix Date to their dire Distemper; by this time they arrived near the brink of a broad River, whose Waves were of a greenish colour, but full of speckled Serpents, with Faces like Women, and Tayls like **Visuvius*; this was that plashy Purpatory where *Clitemnestra*, *Semiramis*, *Phadra*, *Modea*, *Agave*, *Myrba*, *Canace*, &c. were eternally tortured, the manner of the Torment is thus, twice every Day they beheld (as they were Chain'd to their torrid Pillars) a troop of beautiful young Men, all naked with † vast-siz'd Genitals, sitting at a Table furnished with all sorts of delicates, and after their repast dancing most gracefully, to the tune of *Dido* the hapless Queen of *Carthage*, whom *Lamia* and *Zara* would fain have blest their Eyes with, but could not, she had been there (its true) but the compassionate Deities at the instant importunity of *Aneas* (who himself was also Deifi'd) gave her an *Habens Corpus*, removing the languishing Lady from her watry Goal, to a starry Mansion, where she waited on *Juno*, rubbing her Toes, and tying up the trammels of her hair when occasion commanded: The || Champion wou'd fain have exercised his Valour for

* A hot Hill in *America*.

† These Torments must needs be inexpressible.

|| Mark here our Champion's incomparable Courage.

for the present Liberty of these Ladies, tho' all the Powers of *Orcus* had thwarted him, had not *Lamia* declared the vanity of the Attempt, and how impossible it was to procure their Infranchisement : Our Noble Pair had now sufficiently sated themselves with Acherontick novelties, only yet they had not seen *Pluto's* Palace, nor kissed the Hand of *Avernian Juno* ; *Lamia* would have visited the Court of that swarthy King, had not *Zara's* Indisposition impeded her Resolve ; therefore they hastened with all speed to the very Gates of *Barathrum*, which at their return they found wide open, but so great was the desire of their attaining the terrestrial Globe, that they made no Enquiry of the Cause thereof ; their Caroach waiting their coming very dutiously, into which having cast themselves, they were (within few Minutes) convey'd to *Lamia's* Abode.



C H A P. V.

Zara (having made a strange Discovery) can by no means be persuaded to dwell longer with his Love Lamia ; his remarkable Speech at parting. Her woful Lamentation.

THat our Champion's Shirt was glewed to his Loyns, and his whole Microcosm out of frame, will be no Mans wonder that considers the length, or rather depth of his Journey, and how hot a place Hell is, but no preservative is wanting that may restore him to his lost Strength, but he being of a tough Constitution, instead of Gingerbread

bread and Jellies, calls for the leg of an Ox, and the thigh of a Sheep, the desolation whereof rendered him in his full Vigour (so that *Lamia* perceiv'd it was rather his five Hours fasting than any other obliquity that occasioned his Distemper) which the Inchantress could not credit, till she had made experimental Proof of his * Abilities: Long time our Champion and *Soto* remained with this *Acrafa*, this *Armyda*, this *Alcyna*, this what shall I call her,-- this Witch,-- no delight whatsoever but resided here, the Palate pleased with curious Cates, and delicious Wines, the Eye delighted with variety of the most glorious Object, the Ear feasted with Soul-charming Harmony, and finally all the five Senses fed to an Atrophie in this Palace of Pleasure, yet cannot all these allurements and blandishments so molify our Knight, but he remembers in the midst of these false Joys, these delusive Delights, and Sugar-Plum Contentments (that rot the Eater) that his Business on Earth is of a different Dye, to succour the Oppressed, to tame fastidious Tyrants, and make Mifshapen Monsters tremble at the clashing of his Arms, but (not to make our Champion more hungry after Fame, then indeed he is) why he would needs be going was, for that he had discovered the damned Fraud of the fallacious *Lamia*, being far enough (as † she thought) from the perusal of her Person, when peeping through the cranney of a Wall, he perceiv'd his cunning Concubine in her true and native Shape. So

* Meaning how he could use his Pen.

† By this it appears that Witches are not altogether so Omnipotent and Omniscient as Gaffer Bodin, and other Witch-mongers would make us beleive.

So old, so wondrous old,
 In the Non-age of time,
 Ere the Serpent fed on slime,
 Or Eve put on her Petticoat,
 She was in her prime.

It would have puzzell'd that Female Mastix Mantuan to have limm'd this she Chymera, * the wrinkles on her Face might be called *Cupids* graves, (not that *Cupido* is dead) where the Dand-prat Deity sits triumphing in his own Trenches; this is the *Orcus* that includes millions of Fiend-like frowns, Myriads of deep Ruts and Sloughs, in all respects resembling a parched Dung-hill, perpetually moistened with salt water leisurely distilling from the Lymbecks of her leaden Eyes, her breath like the steam of *Tenarus*, blasts the Spring be it n'er so forward; take her whole Face, together with all its furniture, and like Clouds it turns Day to Night, and mightier than the Sea, makes Moors seem immaculate: Our Champion was wrapt with no little wonder to behold this strange mutation, she that some hours before seemed another *Hellen*, is become a very *Hecuba*, already barkt into a Bitch, yet durst not our Champion take notice of the killing Object, (Note here our Champions meer cunning) unwary Narration, his Eyes had heheld a number of Metamorphos'd Men turned into Beasts by the Inchantments of this wicked Sorceress, and to be an Ass was such a thing as made him tremble to think on, desirous therefore to be quit

* The Description of a virtuously disposed Matron.

quit of this foul Quean (having recounted those many Obligations upon him, and protested the greatest Ardency of Devotion) he humbly and earnestly besought *Lamia* to let him depart; for quoth he, *the Rust of Ease feeds on Honour like a Moth, and to a true enobled Mind nothing is more irksom than idleness, adding he had been long benum'd with the Torpedo of Excess, and so made himself enemy to that employment which God and Nature had appointed; how many *Parthenia's* (quoth he) languish under the harsh Tyranny of flinty-soul'd *Demagorasses*? How many *Phalarian* Tyrants trouble the World with tempestuous Impositions, and Diabolical Edicts? How many Dragons sleep soundly in their Marble Cels at Night, who all the Day do nothing but devour those harmless Hobinols, that toyl for the benefit of Mankind? How many Inchantments expect a period from the prudency of my Courage; and how many formless Gyants (taller than Oaks) might have been hew'd down with *Kill-za-Cow*, while *Zara* makes himself a Milk-sop, a Carpet-Knight, a Coxcomb, and what not? *Lamia* had listned to this farewell (to her a Funeral Oration) very attentively; but all the time our Champion was talking, he might perceive how her sick Soul sat upon her lips, looking as *blue as Butter-Milk; Alas, said she, that the Fates should allot poor *Lamia* so sad a sufferance;

is

* See *Cesar's* Commentaries in English.

† An infallible sign of a troubled Mind. See *Culpeper's* last Will and Testament, i. e. his Legacy, chap.

is there but one only Knight in the World (who draws my Soul as *Barbary* Horses drag a *Dutch* Caroch) and do I find his Love loose in the hilts? who like those who chuse rather to lie on Boards than Beds, with Blocks for Pillows, despises the filken delicacies of Repose, to tread the Path of Tumult, and rashly wishes to experiment those hardships dogging Knights-Errant at the heels: O my *Zara*, wherein has *Lamia* displeased thee? What have thy wishes prompted thee to, that thou hast wanted? Has not Heaven, Hell, Gods, Men and Furies been at thy beck? * Has not *Bacchus* prostrated his blood, *Ceres* her store, *Cyprides* her delights, *Apollo* his Lyre, *Pytho* her Voice, *Juno* her Stateliness, *Hermes* his Wit, and *Jove* himself his Heaven, and yet cannot all this create a compliancy? O my dear *Zara*, let not thy ambitious desire to rival those rapacious Renegadoes of old, whose best happiness was to purchase a Pageant Fame with a real infortunity, and are at best but † blended with dirt and blood, perswade thee to a tedious travel after that glory which in the grasping passes through the fingers.

*This said, she with her goggle Eyes did stare-a,
(As if she meant to look him through) on Zara.*

It would have bruiz'd a brazen Heart (more hard than that Head once so baffled by *Monfieur Miles*) to have beheld her in that Agony for a long time, || her Looks gave the Language of her Heart, but reading his unalterable resolves written

* Mark the Majesty of these Tropes.

† See the History of *Mervin* and *Fregefus*, with his three Sons.

|| As in expectation of the Champion's Remorse.

ten (Stanographically) in his Face, she rose up (like a fierce Tygress) taking by the Throat (to his almost strangling) with such a voice (for all the world) as *Dido* when she perceiv'd that she must lose her sturdy Stallion, the strong chined *Aneas*, she said; O thou inexorable Beef-brained Man, thy Mother sure was some Welsh-woman, who instead of her own fostered thee with Mare's Milk, thy Father some salvage Kern, begotten by an Incubus, and thy breeding no better then that the Boars of *Belgia* afford their swat-bodied Bantlings: Go, but may my conglomerated Curses go with thee; but if not for my sake (here she began to treat the Champion in a milder tone, yet for that which this Womb of mine includes, thy *Seed which even now cuts capers in my Womb; be courteous to perishing *Lamia*; here she let fall a number of salt tears, insomuch that *Soto* could not forbear to accompany her; her marble Maidens sweat briny drops, making much lamentation for their Mistress; not all this could mollifie our Champions mind, yet did he once more give the grounds of his Protestations, that no Lady under Heaven should ever claim that Sovereignty which her bright self so rightfully inherits; he would have added more, had not the Inchantress flung away in a great rage, and locking her self up in her Closet, gave commandment that none should have access to her; she gone, our Champion stood in a strange dilemma, almost resolved to link himself to *Lamia* for ever; to this *Soto* very powerfully

*Which the Champion had conveyed into her through a Pipe, that it is possible so to do, see *Culpepper's Book of Women*, and of Womens Wombs.

erfully exhorted him, and (no doubt) had prevailed, had not his fancy immediately fallen upon the sullen contemplation of that sooty change, when he beheld his *Minerva* a *Megera*, and his young beauteous Lady a black deformed Dowdy, so that he commanded *Soto* to saddle his good Steed, and to bring his Sword, Armour, and Mace, which *Soto* presently performing, the Champion forthwith armed himself, commanding *Soto* to the like, and having mounted his fiery Steed, who (like one of *Banks's* breed) danced under him for joy; he called for *Lapida*, with an intent (since *Lamia* would by no means be spoke with) to send a zealous farewell to the Inchantress by her, when behold *Lapida* was coming towards him, bearing a Box fast locked, and in her hand the key, who coming to the Champion with humble obeisance presented him with *Lamia's* last gift, using these or the like expressions:

Sir Knight, quoth she, for whose sake the woful *Lamia* wishes her self a Beast, that she might always bear so rich a burden as thy self, although thy cruelty cannot be parallel'd, who rejectest a Lady, for whose sake Kings would kick their Crowns with the soles of their feet, yet she commits this Casket of Treasure into thy custody, willing thee to preserve it as thou would'st thy Life, a written Schedule informs thee how to deal, and the Gods go with thee: *Zara* could not but stand amaz'd to find such affection from her to whom he had manifested such obduracy; but as he was about to declare himself, *Lapida* had left him, and was already with her disconsolate Mistress: *Soto* could not refrain shedding of tears (his belly though wanting Ears had the gift of Prophecy, and predicted a scarcity, after so much fulness

fulness as he found in *Lamia's* Pavilion) no nor * *Zara* himself, though he cunningly absconded his reluctancy by locking down his Beaver, the Champion thought it vain to attempt a future colloquie, and therefore kept his way, waited on with numberless numbers of formless imaginations.

C H A P. VI.

Zara having left his Love *Lamia*, meets with a Noble Woman of No-land, she tells the Story of Prince *Emanfor* (Son of *Paraclet* and *Maulkina*) changed in his Cradle : the Counterfeit is exposed to the mercy of wild Beasts. *Emanfor* returns, and is known to his Parents. Duke *La-fool* undertakes to prove the Princess *Maulkina* a Prostitute. Champions resort from all parts of the world, proffering their service to the Princess. *Don Zara* also resolves for her vindication.

HAVING thus quitted *Lamia's* Mansion, our Don kept the beaten Road, riding a very easie pace, vex'd with various cogitations, till he arrived upon a vast Plain, whose immensity gave him occasion to cast up his * Eyes to Heaven, to see if the Sun were not near his Western Region, but finding he had many Miles yet to travel,

G

vel,

* Some old Authors report that he wept bitterly.

† Which he seldom did, by reason of their foreness, occasioned by a salt Rhume.

vel, he resolv'd to pass that Plain, and to Quarter in the next Quarry he met with; as he was thus contemplating (turning himself about to speak to Soto) he might perceive a Lady of incomparable beauty, mounted on a white Steed, richly trapped, (clad after the *Amazonian* manner, in her Hand a Shell fashioned like a Shield, whereon was most lively pourtrayed the figure of some illustrious Princess, she was attended by one only Squire, his Body short, his Beard long, his Face pale, and his Hair red; these followed hard after the Champion, who imagin'd that *Lamia* might (perhaps have repented of her morosity, and was now in pursuit of him, to give the other odd on-set (by way of storm) to his most impregnable resolve, and therefore he stood still expecting her approach, who was no sooner within Tongue-shot of him, but alighting from her Steed, whom she committed to the custody of her Squire, she made most humble and lowly obeisance to the Champion, who very courteously commanded Soto to raise her from the Earth, for quoth he, I love not to see your soft Sex fall upon the knee, but the * back, or to hear ye supplicate for any thing save a † Syringe: the Lady knew not well how to expound this Language, only she thought the Champion a very conceited Worthy, a jocular Heroe, a sportive Martialist; || Sir Knight, said she (whose looks, language and gesture

* Meaning that he would back them in all brunts.

† A kind of Musical Instrument fashioned like a Reed, if it be skilfully plaid on, it puts to silence the brawlings of bitter Wives, and attenuates the friendship of the most fastidious Female.

|| Here begins the Story of Prince Paraclet, Maulkina, and Emanfor.

sture great strange thoughts within me) be pleased to know, that I am (I will not say the first) of those Ladies of Honour, who wait upon the high-born, illustrious, and refulgent *Maulkina*, Daughter to the high and mighty Prince *Paralet*, Prince of *No-Land*, on the confines of whose Territories we now are, so it is that the Divine *Maulkina* having been a vowed Votarefs to *Diana* (whose Priestess she was, and whose Oracles she exhibited) upon a Night as she sat at the feet of the Image of that chaste Deity, Deaths elder-brother, Tyger-taming *Somnus* seal'd up her eyes, when behold *Jupiter* descended in the shape of a brave young Prince, and had the fruition of her Body, to the filling of her Belly, as saith the Adage, *with young bones*, so that she became altogether incapable of officiating in *Diana's* Temple; therefore exchanging the Church for the Court, after nine Months were expired, *Lucina* falling from Heaven (with her two Hand-Maids, *Sarab* *Safety*, and *Joan Ease*) she made Prince *Paralet* a Grandfire, to his little joy, when he perus'd the Infant's Person so monstrously mishapen, his Forehead flat, his Eyes squinting, his Nose hardly visible, his Lips thick, yet flabby, his Chin resembling a Town-top, with a brass Nail at bottom, his bulk a very *Babel* of deformity, his Legs borrowing their shape from a new bent Bow, and his Feet displaying themselves very dreadfully; nor were his internal indowments incompatible with his shape, for (coming to years of discretion) his Language and Comportment proclaimed him rather the Son of a Plaisterer than a Prince; the Sons of Noblemen he would shun, to accompany the Sons of Citizens and Car-men, nor could he ever be brought to the knowledge of Letters, by all

the endeavours that could be used, to the extream grief of *Paracles*, and the unspeakable torment of *Maulkina*, yea, to the general sorrow of the whole Realm, the People whispering in corners, that this Incubus could not be the Son of the great *Jupiter*, but rather the spurious seed of some Swabber; these wild reports brought *Paraclet* to his wits end, and not knowing how to extinguish this fire without scorching his fingers, he resorted to the Oracle at *Delphos*, (where after Celebration of the usual Ceremonies) he received this Answer.

*By subtil Goblins fraud,
The real Child of Maud,
Was changed in the Cradle,
By * Tom firnam'd Ladle,
(Who is the Master Elf,
And does what list himself,)
But the true Son of Jove
About the World does rove,
(Not knowing of his Right)
Being call'd the Fairy Knight;
But by the Fates decree,
This very Prince you'll see,
(The lawful Heir of Mo Land)
Within few days in No-Land,
When ere he baps to come,
You'll know him by his Thumb;
Who with his Sword shall prove
Himself the Son of Jove.*

It were needless to recite with what astonishment Prince *Paraclet* (and all with him) received this

* See the Book of walking Spirits.

this Answer from *Apollo*, but hasting back to *No-Land*, *Paraclet* summoned his whole Nobility, who unanimously attending his pleasure, he declared unto them what the Oracle had spoken, demanding their speedy and serious advice, some counsell'd one thing, some another, but after much hesitation, they voted as one Man, that this prodigious Changeling should be conveyed into some Wilderness, and there left to the acceptation of his Elvish Parents, whose advice (though *Maulkina* sway'd with a groundless commiseration withstood it) was suddenly put in practice, and this *Perken Warbeck* being denuded of his greatness, resigned to the protection of those Goblins who gave him being; this action was diversly disputed on by the Vulgar, some applauding, some condemning, and all censuring; they were silenced by the arrival of *Emanfor* * with 30 Squires, cloathed all in green-a, who (by divine appointment) coming to Court, proffer'd his service to *Paraclet*, who beholding his well-built form and behaviour, but especially fixing his eyes on his fingers, perceived his right-hand Thumb to be 12 digits longer than any of his other fingers, wherefore assuring himself that this was he whom the Oracle hinted, his own flesh and blood, and son of *Jupiter* and *Maulkina*, † he imbraced him in his arms, weeping over him as if he had been scourged with Scorpions; *Emanfor* was wondrously astonished at this uncouth entertainment, insomuch that for a long time he remained speccless, but a sober recollection having opened his Organ pipes, he (on his knees) besought

G 3

Prince

* For it was about the Spring of the year.

† Here was true affection indeed.

Prince *Paraclet* to inform him what motives prompted him to this enigmatical Reception of one who was utterly a stranger to him; *Paraclet* again folded him in his arms, and beckning to all about him, that stood at distance (marvelling at this strange inter-locution) he openly declared, that by the goodness of the Gods *No-Land* was now restored to its ancient Glory, this being the true and only Son of his Daughter *Maulkina*, and his undoubted Heir. This he spake with a loud voice, and then again saluted his Grand-child, while all there gave a shout, which ecchoed in every corner of *No-land*, shrewdly shattering many Steeples and Structures: By this time the welcome News came to the knowledge of the Princess *Maulkina*, who came running swifter then a Roe to receive her long-lost Son into her Bosom, the mutual joy between *Emanfor* and his Mother cannot be expressd in words. I shall therefore give the Reader leave to think as he lists, only I must not omit what a general Joy was every where manifested by the multitude, who (like Loyal Subjects) were even drunk for Joy of their new Prince; † he that did not stagger as well as stammer was immediately knock'd down for a Traytor; After this, the sweet *Emanfor* (according to the *No-land* custom) took his Mother to Wife, by whom he has two Sons and one Daughter named *Dowcabell*, the miracle of perfection, lately married to a Noble Personage, named *Don Furbo-Fallacio*, who in Honour of his beauteous Bride, has appointed a Solemn Just

† O the sweet and cordial Loyalty that the Ancients manifested to their Princes, where shall we now find such fidelius fervency!

Just or Tournament, to begin the Twelfth of this instant Month, having sent his Challenges to every corner of the Orb, and bidding Defiance to any Prince, Champion or Errant-Knight, that shall put his Lady (how exquisite soever) in Competition with his brave Bed-fellow, whose shadow this is; this was no sooner bruited abroad, but *Don La-Fool* Lord of a Neighbouring Island, openly declared his dislike, crying up his own Lady as the sole Glory of her Sex, and the most merriting Madam in the World, and the more to make himself odious to all Noble Spirits, proffers to prove the Princess *Maulkina* a Prostitute by dint of Sword, having cheated the credulous World with a false Report, that *Emanfor* was not begotten by *Jupiter*, for this Reason he has entertain'd a great number of Knights and Champions to be in readiness against the appointed day, so that Prince *Paraclet* and *Emanfor* have cause to guess that he intends rather to a bloody War, then a Wanton Tilt, and therefore they also have thought fit to strengthen themselves against the day that must decide this Quarrel for Beauty; and this (most Noble Knight) was the occasion that commanded me abroad, to summon in all those Knights of worth, whom the Gods of *No-Land* should appoint me to encounter with not doubting of your chearful assistance, when the most fair *Moulkina* and the Divine *Dowcabel* shall beg the aid of your dead-doing arm.

The Celestial Powers (quoth *Zara*) I perceive are Favourers of thy Prince and People, that thus opportunely thou hast met with him who will seat *Paraclet* and *Emanfor* above fear or danger, and chastise the pride of that Duke *La Fool*, else may *Kill-za-Cow* fail me in my greatest extremity, and *Pounder-Foot* make a Halt, when I am riding to

the Redemption of some Imprisoned Kings ; The substance of this resurgent Shadow shall bear the Bell from all Ladies that ever yet had a being, or shall illuminate the Earth for the future : But how near are we to Prince *Emanfors* Court, or must we expect a tedious Travel e'er we gain the sight of his Glorious Palace : My Lord, said she, some two Leagues hence (in a direct line with your nose) you shall find a Ship (in safe Harbour) riding at Anchor in the *Ægean* Sea, owned by a Merchant of *No-Land*, who will think himself happyfy'd in having the honour to transport your self and *Soto* your Squire ; it is but four hours Sail (though I confess those Seas are something dangerous,) from to *Zardonia-pola-Mancha*, the Metropolis of *No-Land*, where Prince *Paraclet* and *Emanfors* reside in their Gorgeous Pavillions : My self (my Lord) must yet further by Land : Having said this, she took her leave in a most submissive manner, receiving a friendly Farewel from the Champion, who now mended his pace towards the Ocean, for that he perceived *Cynthius* began to hide his Countenance.

End of the Second Book.



The



The SPANIARD: Or,
Don Zara del Fogo:

The Third BOOK.

CHAP. I.

The Champion and Soto imbarck themselves for No-Land, being on Board, he opens the Casket that Lamia had sent by Lapida at his departure from Mount Mongibel, wherein he finds a Charm'd Belt, together with an Epistle warning him of future events. A dreadful Tempest arising, himself and Soto are born from of the Dock above a Cables-length; they are saved by a Sea-Horse, and cast upon an Island inhabited by Fisher-Men, where the Champion meets with a most strange Adventure.

Under-foot and Soto were involv'd in sweat, e'er the Champion could reach the *Ægean* Sea, but arriving at the desired Bay, our Knight complemented the Captain and Master *very ventrously, receiving from them as reasonable a report, they eat, drank, and discoursed together,
 not

* Meaning as became a Champion and Knight Errant.

not like Aliens, but as having consanguinous Alliance, and as if *Neptune* and *Aeolus* had been our Champions Pensionaries, the wind on a sudden became tractable to their design, so that weighing Anchor, and setting Sail, they merrily set forward for *Zorona-pola-Mancha*, the Seas calm, the winds courteous, the Seamen were singing, and the Passengers priding themselves in their happy fortune; † whose blandishments are bruises, and whose dandlings are dangerous; for they had not sail'd many leagues e'er *Hyperion* hid his face, † the Heavens were muffled in Mists, *Eurus* and *Boreas* break from forth their prisons, bearing Storms and Tempests on their wings to the (already) enraged Ocean, nor *Charles Wain*, nor the *Lesser Bear* can be perused by the dispairing Pilot, the angry Sea rows it self in ridges as steep as the tall *Pyramids* of *Cayr*, the monstrous *Leviathan* opening his mouth wider than *Orcus*, watch'd every opportunity to swallow the sinking Ship and its sorrowful inhabitants; nor could † *Sunius* or *Palinure* know what way to drive the distressed Vessel by the Rule of the Rudder, while (alas) her whole bulk groans, and her Beak and Main-Mast crack, the Steers-man crying aloud, down with the Top-sail, keep the Spirit-sail tight, hawl the Main Bowling, while the craz'd Bark, like a Bear baited with Mastiffs, strives to keep her Beak aloof, some billows she breaks, others pass over her Poop and Prow.

While

† Sentence grave and wise.

|| The Description of a sad Sea Storm.

* Two eminent Steers-men, who guided Sir *Walter Rawleigh's* Ship on the Ocean, when he was bound for the discovery of the Silver Mines.

While things were in this confusion, Don Zara was sitting in his Cabin, in very serious Contemplation, conceiving (as indeed he had cause) that his Love *Lamia* had procured this Storm on purpose to plague him, this cogitation remembred him of the Casket that *Lapida* presented him with when he left *Lamia*, hitherto not thought on, which fatal over-sight might (for ought any man knows) have cost him his life, had not the celestial Powers indulged their Darling with Divine aid; but now (as to the present business all too late) he opens the Carkanet, wherein he found a hilt borrowed from the hide of a Buck, lined with Magical Characters, and Metrical Incantations, promising safety to the Wearer, though inviron'd with Millions of Enemies, and thrust at with thousands of Swords; Tradition tells us that this was the Cincture which the mighty Son of *Tbetis*, swift foot *Achilles*, used to wear, by vertue whereof he became invulnerable; this Girdle was given to *Ulysses* with *Achilles* Armour (for he had not slaughtered the Woers else) he dying, left it as an inestimable Legacy to his Son *Telemachus*, from whose custody the Inchantress *Lamia* ravish'd it by the potency of her Spells; one of the most efficacious Charms that was embossed in this Belt, spoke thus in Hexameter Verses:

*Oswald, Paradine, Thulo, Hugo, Hubert, Aribert,
Astragon, Hurgonil, Orgo, Ulfnor, Goltba, Tybalt.*

Thus English'd.

*To mighty Dukes of Darknes let no wrong
Happen to him, who wears this Charm'd Thong.*

With

With this protection there was also a Letter directed to the Champion in these Words :

Heroick Champion,

THough your unkindnesses to me are of a more killing consequence, then that of *Theseus*, *Aeneas*, *Paris*, or *Ulysses*, to *Ariadne*, *Dido* *Ænone*, or *Circe*, for which your name (with theirs) should be hang'd, drawn, and quartered, by the common Executioners Fame, so great is the love I yet retain towards you, but enjoins me to put your person (which shall be exposed to many hazards) above the reach of danger ; the Belt that this box incloses, if girt about you, will prove your protection better than a Coat of Mail, or the most impenetrable Armour, nor indeed can you be wounded while you wear this ; but this gone you are but the same *Zara* you were ; My Art informs me that your Destiny shall decree you for *No-land*, appointing your passage through a turbulent Sea, but by no means imbarck your self for that Ship (Passengers and all) shall become a prey to the barbarous Element ; when you arrive in *No-land*, many shall be your dangers, some shall fight you, some flout you, and others fawn upon you, but your Girdle shall give you victory over all your Enemies ; Parting from thence, you shall visit many strange Countries, and see more Monsters then *Mandevile*, but at a certain time you shall find a winged Hog, grazing in a Green plat, him seize upon (for he has been used to the snaffle) and make him yours, giving the Gods and me thanks, who have made you Master of one of the rarest Beasts in the World : Thus imploring you would not altogether forget her who shall always remember you, I commit you to your Fate,

Remaining the sorrowful Lamia.

The

The Champion was exceedingly vexed at his own stupidity that he had not read this Epistle before, and so prevented the present danger, but yet he would not seem to be amated; How was he smitten with astonishment at this unparalell'd affection of *Lamia*? how did he repent him of his sullen and sudden departure? By this time the Ship was shaken almost to pieces, Thunder rent the Air, the Sea roared hideously, the misshapen monsters of the Deep were congregated in great numbers, expecting a Feast of Flesh and Marrow, and the dying Vessel is even now ready to give up the Ghost, the unhappy Passengers preparing themselves to take the way of all Fish, yet the Champion views all these horrors unmoved, and while others are fighting he and *Soto* were singing the † heavenly tune of *Walsingham*: By this time the Ship (having been a long time sick of a Surfeit) being over-burthened; now, with what before supported her, becomes founder'd down-right; when behold, while magnanimous *Zara*, and his fearless *Soto* were standing on the Deck, threatening defiance to *Neptune*, and all the Marine powers, a boisterous wave whirls them into the Sea above a Cables length.

O *Neptune*, *Saron*, and all ye watry Deities, what now shall become of our Sea-Champion, shall the Sword-fish wound him, the Dog-fish bite him, or the Whale devour him.

Behold what care the righteous Gods took for the preservation of vertue; our Champion and
Soto

† There is much controversie amongst Expositors about this place, some will have *Walsingham*, others *Troy Town*, and a third sort, the Merchants Daughter of *Bristol*.

Soto had not long brushed the azure billows with their active Arms, || but a huge *Hyppocamp* (or Sea-Horse) gliding gently between the Champions Leggs, received him upon his back, to his no less joy then admiration, who beckned Soto to get up behind him, whom (alas) the poor Squire was almost out of breath, and now and then drank deep draughts of salt water, which he puk'd up again; as I have seen a sullen Babe eject the new received pap, forced back again by the thrifty Nurse, till at last it bulge the belly of the Infant; this was Soto's savoury, or rather unsavoury condition, yet summoning all his strength (as a dying Candle, that contracts its ardour to make one parting blaze) he cut his passage through the swelling surges, with so vigorous a resolve, that tho' he attained not the crupper, he had sure hold of the tail of this miraculous indulgency of Fate, our *Zara* and his Servitor were set safe on shore the Sea-Horse (not staying so much as for thanks) having delivered his charge safe and sound to *Rhea*, plunged himself into the lap of *Tbetis*, leaving our Champion in the most insidious extasie, who scarce could believe (what his eyes beheld) the wonder of his deliverance.

They were now in a Rocky Island, here and there a Tree, and (in some places) near the Rocks, good store of * Grasse, here they feared as much to be famished as before to be drowned; yet (by the favour of *Mavors*) our Champion had his good Sword

|| Don *Zara* preserved by miracle, but the truth is the Sea-horses were ever very courteous to mankind. See *Pliny*, *Solinus*, *Alberus magnus*, and the *Spanish Man-deville*.

* But withal very scurvy. See Dr. *Trig's* Treatise of purging Ale.

Sword girt to his voluminous waste, may, more his Charmed Girdle, Casket, and all safe lodged in his pocket; Soto had on his Brest-plate and Helmet, and his steel-pointed piece of Ash, fast in his fist, which instruments of defence he had such care of all the time he was sowced in the salt Ocean, that (as *Cesar* swimming with one hand, and with the other preserving his Papers from pickle) he still kept it above water; but the loss of *Founder-foot* unspeakable grieved our Champion so that he hardly refrained from tears.

+ Ah *Founder-foot*, *Founder-foot*, said he, have these hands of mine so often fed thee at Rack and Manger, with Oats, Grains, Beans and Barley for this, to fatten the ravenous Fishes of the Sea, and have thy hide cut out into more Thongs than the skin of *Didoes* Bull, to make Harness for *Neptunes* Coach-Mares; Farewel the glory of thy kind, thou Sovereign of Steeds, Prince of Palfrays, and honestest of all Horses.

|| *Whose name shall live
free from all black reproaches,
While there are wincing Jades,
Or Hackney Coaches.*

Soto bore a part in his Masters sorrow for the loss of *Founder-foot*, though his grief had a very different original from that of *Zara's*, for he (grown a perfect *Thracian*) wish'd him there rather to feed on, than ride on, and indeed his Sea-sickness made an Apology for the eagerness of his appetite,

|| *Zara's* complaint for the loss of his Steed:
|| *Founder-foot's* Elogy.

petite, all know what a civil war the tumbling of the vessel creates in the small guts, and that those who have not been inur'd to Hoyes and Hulks, are very heinously harrassed the first time of their gaze upon the garulous Ocean. Long time they travelled up and down in hope to find some shed of shelter, but Fortune was not so favourable to further their wishes, so that wet and weary as they were (their carkasses curdled with cold, and their wombs repleat with water) they sat down at the root of a blasted Oak, wishing for immediate death, rather than a lingring destruction: Being thus reduced to the very brink of despair, and every minute in expectation to become a prey to some Ravenous Wolf, or blood-thirsty Tyger, they might hear the showtings (as they thought) of Shepherds, but indeed Fishermen, who had even then surprized something (stiled by them a Fish) of weighty importance, so that they were forced to summon in the adjacent Fish-takers, with whoopings and hallowings, who understanding the occasion of their clamour, soon incorporated themselves with them; no tongue can tell, or Pen propose, how much the Ship-wrack'd *Zara*, and his sorrowful Servitor, were rejoyced at these ecchoings, and therefore they rose up, and (as near as they could guess) trod that path that might lead them to the place where they heard these noises, so much were they favoured by Fate, that in a short time (as if they had taken notice of the track for many Ages) they arrived where they found not only Mortals but Mansions, Fabricks as well as Fishermen, to their infinite contentment they saw the Fish-finders corroborated in one lump, clubbing all their nets and strength to boot, to make themselves Masters of some unwonted prize

prize, some crying out they had caught a Whale, others that they had fastned upon some Chest stufed with Treasure; others, that they should make some strange discovery, to the wonder of the World; *Zara* and *Soto* stood as spectators all the time, while by main strength and *Herculean* Fortitude they brought to shore what they had so long laboured for, but (to their astonishment) instead of Fish, were saluted with flesh; † Behold, a *Panoplia*, a Coat of Armour richly gilded, with a Shield, and a stately Steed (of a Chesnut colour, his Main curiously curled, a blue Star in his forehead, a fair white spot upon either foot, &c.) and other Martial Utensils; the Sea-Swains were as much grieved, as our Champion comforted, to peruse their Draught, insomuch that they were minded to return their gains to him that gave them, had not *Zara* stept in, and (after the Narration of his late Ship-wrack) besought them to confer the Horse and Armour upon him, they all heard him attentively, and as freely answered his demands, departing every Man to his Cottage.

The dusky shades of night had now enveloped the World, and *Zara* (by the suffrage of one of the Fishermen *Piscatorio*) was conducted (with his new acquired Courser, and Warlike Furniture) into a sedge Cot, where he was kindly received by *Piscatorio's* Wife, and set to supper with a Cods head, and a Salmons tail, whereon he and *Soto* fed like Farmers, nor was drink wanting (a kind of Sider

* O strange and never equall'd accident, that as *Zara* surpassed all Knights in the World, for Courage and true Magnanimity, so he might be furnished with Warlike Habilliments, as never any worthy save himself was.

Sider * made of Alder-Berries and Wildings) whereof (having cured their Garments of the Dropsey) they drank merrily, till the time of Night warned them to their rest, they therefore came to their Lodging of clean Rye-straw, with *Batavian* Blankets, where we will leave them to their Repose,

C H A P. II.

Zara arrives at Zardona-pola-Mancha, the chief City of No-Land, the Religion of the No-Landers. Zara come to Court, and joyn himself with the rest of the Knights and Champions; they present their Swords, Shields, &c. at the feet of Maulkina and Dowcabel; their exquisite Impressa's and Devices, Zara's Motto more taken notice of than any: With other accidents.

THE chearful Cock had thrice given notice of *Aurora's* approach, when the Champion rowzing *Soto* from his rest) appareled himself with exceeding cheerfulness, being now assured that the Destinies did own his resolves by a peculiar approbation; having so miraculously provided him a case for his Skin, with a Horse seeming of the *Bucephalian* breed, he longed to see himself once more in Armour, and to manage his proud Palfray,

* This must needs be a comfortable kind of Drink.

Chap. II. *Don Zara del Fogo.* 99

fray, as none but *Zara* could do; *Soto* was soon ready, and the honest Fisherman also, who (burthening his board with the best provant his Cottage could afford, and the Champion and *Soto* having fed as Men doubting a future repast) took his leave of the Champion, being exceeding joyous, that it was his fortune to be one of those whom Fate had ordained as a consolatory Instrument for the furthering of so noble a Nephew of *Mars*; Our Knight (having received instructions from his courteous Host, which way to betake himself,) mounted *Soto* behind him, to make his way with the more celerity, not ceasing to hasten his Horse's pace till he beheld the great City *Zardona-pola-Makaba*, the Metropolis of *No-land*, whose Argent Spires being beaten upon by the Sunbeams, rendred a most fulgent delight to the gazer: In this City there was no less than * nine hundred thousand Churches, the *No-lands* worshipped a God, they called in their Language *Porco*, the reason that they not only abstained from Swine's flesh, but by publick Edict made it Death for any to kill those kind of Creatures, embracing the Society of *Scots* and *Jews* with the highest regard; *Zara* who had never yet resided in so populous a place, was on the sudden surprized with (I know not what) anxiety, so that † he sat a long time on his Horse back in a profound study; but perceiving *Soto* who was just

H 2 now

* By this may be gathered the numberless number of Inhabitants, up-risers and down-liers in this mighty City.

† Caution mixt with courage, caused this Dilemma, our Champion being as wise as valiant.

now restored to his feet) to eye him with a very strict regard, he rode on, and came to the very Gates of the City, whose Streets he found paved with Agates, the Houses twelve Stories high, all of Alabaster, and every Shop-keeper clad in Persian Silks, their Wives in Cloth of Gold, whose Bodies were even burthened with precious Stones ; the Citizens ran but in heaps to gape upon this strange Knight, so that if the Champion had not had a brow more solid than Brass, he had been brought to ruin by very bashfulness ; it was not long e'er he attained the sight of the Palace built of *Parian* Flint, and *Podian* Free-stone, with such admirable Art, that it was justly accounted the eighth wonder of the World ; its inside was all of Ophyr Gold, the Beds, Stools and Dresser-boards of Ivory ; on the top of the Palace (after the old Roman manner) were many rare Gardens, watered with Chrystalline Rivulents, wonderful to behold : The very Day that our Champion visited the Court, were all those Knights that were met together on the behalf of *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell* whose History we lately gave you) assembled in the Palace-yard, a Place of that magnitude, that *Xerxes* might there have mustred his Army ; Prince *Paraclat*, *Emanfor*, the Princesses *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell*, with all the prime Nobles and Ladies of the Court, in their richest Adornments, sat in a Theatre contrived on purpose for this business, beneath Canopies of State, the Walls of the Theatre being hung with Velvet, enamelled with Gold, whereon were curiously pourtrayed many ancient Stories, the Expedition of the *Argonauts* for the Golden Sheep, the Labours of *Hercules*, *Dencalion's* Flood, the Destruction

tion of *Troy*, *Medea* and *Jafon*, with * the Loves of *Dorastus* and *Fawnia*; the Knights were all on foot (which caused our Champion also to alight, giving his Steed to *Soto*) their Squires (who were all clad in Crimson Taffaty) holding their Steeds in one hand, and their Shields in the other; each Champion had his Sword girded about him, with his Spear in his Hand, as prepared for present encounter, *Zara* not excepted; which Solemnity being ended, they one after another presented their Swords, Spears, and Shields, at the feet of divine *Maulkina* and the beauteous *Dowcabell*; the first was a Knight of *Phrygia*, whose Device (ingraven on his Shield) was a Dog biting his Fleas, very busily, with this Motto:

The Knight of the Dog.

*There is no trust unto the Winds or Seas,
Those that lie down with Dogs, shall rise with Fleas.*

The next was a Knight of *Transilvania*, the Son of a great Duke named *Sharkino*, his Device was a Lyon Rampant, but without Teeth or Nails, with this Motto:

The Knight of the Toothless Lyon.

*The Kingly Lyon's Teeth have left his jaws,
His voice can kill, though wanting teeth or claws.*

* Or, *Hero* and *Leander*.

The third was a Knight of *Malta*, a Man very eminent for his valour against *Ottoman*, his Device was a Jack Pudding dancing on the Ropes; with this Motto:

The Knight of the Pudding.

*He who dares wear a face that bites like Mustard,
I'll maul, as Pudding macerates his Custard.*

The fourth was a Knight of *Sardinia*, of an excellent form, insomuch that *Maulkina* and *Dowcabball* had their Eyes continually fixed upon him, his Device was a *Jack-an-Apes*, playing upon a Jews-trump, with this Motto:

The Knight of the Jackanapes.

*Play on melodiously (magnifick Jack)
Untill my Sword shall win thee Nuts to crack.*

The fifth was a Shentleman of *Wales*, *Ap Sbon*, *ap Owin*, *ap Richard*, *ap Morgan*, *ap Hugh*, *ap Brutus*, *ap Sylvius*, *ap Aneas*; his Device was a large Cheese slit asunder in the midst, roasting before a fire of Turff, with this Motto:

The Knight of the Toasted Cheese.

*If her ploud be up twice and ones,
Take very many beeds to hide her pones;
Merlin her Country-man, Witness for her can;
God plesse her, none in Henrope can appease,
Her anger's like a piece of toasted Cheese.*

The

The sixth was a Knight of *Muscovia*, a big Man, but of a very Masculine Aspect; this was he that stole away the Infanta of Spain in a Moon-shine Night, maugre all his Guards, and Married her to his Son *Lardanio*; his Device was a Civet-Cat dis-burthening her self *a posteriore* into the Helmet of a Knight in shining Armour, who held forth his Head-piece very handsomly, his Motto:

The Knight of the Civet Cat.

*True Types of her, whose breath's perfum'd I find,
Whether she vent it forward, or behind.*

Then came *Zara* (for it would be tedious to relate all) with a Majestick pace, and was received by *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell*, with a loud laughter, a favour they had not yet afforded to any save himself, his Device was an Owl in an Ivy-Bush, with this Motto:

The Knight of the Owl in an Ivy-Bush.

*Ravens and Daws in troops put on,
But Owls and Eagles flye alone;
My Shield, Horse, Armour, Helm and Sword,
Are own'd by Pallas and her Bird.*

This Device was much laugh't at by some of the Noblemen and Ladies, and derided by the Knights of little Knowledge, which our Champion well enough perceiv'd, and wisely winked at, though within himself he vowed a sudden and sharp revenge; but the truth is, our Don (being utterly a stranger to Letters) was wholly ignorant of the

Matter, else no doubt his sagacity had sought out some other Emblem more suitable to his own serenity, and yet this (seeming) despicable Badge will not want a second Owner, which shall occasion the most dreadful Duel that has been fought since the Creation, as the Process of the History will inform: This Solemnity over, the Knights were admitted to lay their Lips to the Lilly Hands of *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell*, and after the thanks of *Paraclet* and *Emanfor*, were conducted to a stately Pavillion, being feasted after the most sumptuous manner, then they fell to Dancing, but *Zara* excused himself from that imployment, as an effeminacy he never affected, who had rather fight than frisk; but for owning and celebrating Healths, he was not inferior to any, till the intoxicating fumes so buffeted his Brains, that he was forced to disgorge himself even at the Table, which some queazie Appetites were angry at, but the stronger sort of Constitutions bore with all, as a thing incident to tottering Mortality; And that nothing might be wanting to an accomplished Entertainment, a Masque was this Night presented in the Royal Theatre.

*A splendid, pompous, and delightful Show,
(Some say) by Johnson, Jones, or Inigo.*

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Presentation of a never-equal'd Masque, Don Pantalone (resolving to Quarrel with Zara) employs Don la Fisk to bear his Challenge, &c.

Prince Paraclet and Emansor, the Heaven-born Maulkina and divine Doucabel, with all the Nobles and Madams of the Court, being seated each according to their degree; the Knights Errant were also placed according to their several Gradations, and the Musick having charmed their Senses with a Celestial Dyrathamb, they were presented with a curious Contrivance, called,



Venus

Venus and Adonis;

A Masque.

The Frontispiece was a thick-grown Wood, repleat with Lions, Tygers, Bears, Antelopes, Panthers, and other Beasts of Prey; *Sylvanus*, *Priapus*, *Pan*, and other Wood-Gods, cracking of Nuts, and eating of Apples, while the following Song was Sung to the Tabor.

SONG

*Hail happy Powers, whose harmless sway,
 All the Sylvans do obey;
 Had those alone fed like to you,
 (On Acorns and on Rain-bow Dew)
 When the World lay in its Cradle,
 And there was no fiddle faddle,
 Saturn had still kept his Throne,
 And not been outed by his Son;
 'Tis head-strong Wine,
 And Manchet fine,
 That irritates
 Ambitious Pates:*

(Pan

Pan never quarrels with Sylvanus,
 (For every Wood-god worships Janus)
 The beauteous Nymphs are all in common;
 None's the better Gentlewoman;
 With a baneless Love they greet,
 Horns, and Nails, and cloven-feet.

CHORUS.

Then unto the Woods let's wander,
 To find out Hero and Leander.

This Song ended, twelve Nymphs, and as many Satyrs cast themselves into a figure for the Dance; which Idone, the Wood-Gods, with the Nymphs and Satyrs withdraw, and the Goddess Venus with her Son Cupid, and her Hand-Maids the Graces are discovered.

V E N U S.

Nay, by my Altars that are reaking,
 And those Lovers that are sneaking,
 Homeward after full Enjoyment,
 Either accept of this Employment,
 (Froward Boy) or else I'll strip thee,
 And with Rods of Roses whip thee;
 I have often (to my Sorrow)
 Felt the Launcings of thy Arrow,
 Jove and Juno, Hermes, Hebe,
 Mavors, Bacchus, yea and Rhebe,
 With the God that guides the Surges,
 (Riding like a Belgick Burgess)
 Will rejoyce (like to Inferiors)
 While I plow up thy Posteriors;
 Take away his Bow and Darts,
 While I scourge him till a' smarts,
 Bare his Breech. Thalia—

CUPID.

CUPID.

— Had I
 Tane the counsell of my Daddy
 (Whom you Cuckold every hour)
 By this I might have scor'd your Power,
 Cannot Mars his steely chine,
 (Who has almost lost his Eyne
 With over-doing) not Anchyses,
 With his Piltrums and his Spices,
 (To heighten Appetite) nor Peleus
 Sate your Conduct to Cornelius;
 But Adonis must be brought on,
 To a thing he never thought on.

VENUS.

Impious Elf (Æneas's Brother)
 What's that to thee who rides thy Mother,
 Horse him Thalia---

THALIA.

--Spare, O Spare
 (Great Goddess) this thy Son and Heir,
 Lest on a Clown he make me doat-a,
 I dare not touch his silken Coat-a.

VENUS.

Do't, If thou despise thy Duty,
 I'll make thee fetch a box of Beauty,
 From the bottom of black Hell,
 As Psyche did (as Stories tell.)

Here the Graces sieze upon Cupid,
 and prepare him for the Lash.

CUPID.

CUPID.

Hold, (sweet Honey-Mother) bold,
I confess I've been too Bold,
If I live but till to Morrow,
(As Gods can't die) I'll send an Arrow
Into Adonis's marble Brest,
Headed with a Hornet's Nest.

VENUS.

On this Condition take thy ramble,
To make the Wombs of Ladies wamble;
But fail not as thou lov'st my Smile;
Now I'll take Coach for Cyprus Isle.
Venus, Cupid, and the Graces being
gone, Adonis (like a Huntsman)
is seen with his setting Dog.

ADONIS.

Come my Caniculo (sweet Cur)
In thy Throat thou hast a Bur,
I fear thy Voice was wont to ring,
With redoubled Ecchoing;
" Strange things, when Dogs forget their Tones,
" And Letchers leave their Marrow-bones
" Unbroken is this shady Wood,
(Where shaggy Satyrs use to Scud)
I reign sole Monarch of Content,
And ne'er think what my Father spent,
To get and breed me; Fox a' Wooing,
'Tis fulsom to be always Doing;
My Life is strict, and right Laconick,
That Love is best that is Platonick:
To hunt the swift-foot Stag, and follow
The furious Bear with Whoop and Hollow

110 *The Spaniard: Or* **Book III.**

*Is my best delight, — So—ho,
Follow me Canicula.*

CUPID.

*Thanks Jove, see, where all alone is,
My Mother's misery Adonis;
But I'll mollifie his Mind,
" They are Fools that think me Blind;
Have at thee Adon-*, so, 'tis done,
Breech, thy Preservation
Is sign'd and seal'd; now must I go,
To wound a wanton Ladies Toe.*

*Adonis being Wounded, Cupid goes
off, leaving him to his Love Passion.*

ADONIS.

*Te Gods that govern Man and Mouse,
The King, the Duke, the Lord, the Louse,
What an uncouth change is here,
I am in Love up to the Ear,
† So that I could Court (methinks)
A Wench that wants a Nose and blinks,
Where she splay-footed, gummy-ey'd,
With all Deformities beside
That can be mention'd; all too long
I have done beauteous Venus wrong;
Great God of Love, to thee I bow,
" Thou art a devilish Rogue I vow;
Fire, Fire, I burn, I burn
And shortly shall to Cinders turn,
Unless some courteous Female fall,
Beneath the Parent of all.*

VENUS.

* Here the Bow-string cry'd twang.
† The deadly rage of Love.

VENUS.

*How now, my dear Adonis, What?
With thy self in busy Chat?
When, when O when, shall Venus find,
The stinty-soul'd Adonis kind.*

ADONIS.

*Squeeze me like to milky Curds,
Drain all my sappy Bulk affords,
Let me dwell upon your * Spot,
You shall find me cold or hot;
But must not fail in Retribution,
When you find my Constitution.*

VENUS.

*Come then (my Paramour) let's sally,
To my Rosie Bower, and dally,
Till our kexey Joints complain,
Then we will take breath again.*

*Venus and Adonis being gone, the
wild Boar, who (according to
Theocritus) was deeply in Love
with Adonis, is seen.*

BOAR.

*I must enjoy thee (upon any score)
Adonis, or else cease to be a Boar;
I that despise the Javelin and the Spear,
Whose murdering Tusks the sternest Mortals fear,
Do stoop unto a stripling, had I thee
Within my Power, thou sightless Deity, I'd*

* Venus is much praised by Ancient Poets for her
Mole, &c.

I'd crumble thee to Atoms, and devour,
 Thy laughing Mother in her flowery Bower.
 Maf't will not down, I loath my wonted Food,
 The unseep Flame does set on Fire my Blood,
 Licks up my Moisture, and so loud I grunt,
 My Voice is heard hence to the *Helespont*,

A D O N I S.

*'Twas long (Alcides) e're thy back was right,
 Having mounted fifty Virgins in one Night.
 Voracious Venus (void of ruth)
 Has had no Mercy on my Touth.*

B O A R.

Beautious *Adonis*, hark; how long in vain,
 Unto thy seal'd up Ear shall I complain,
 Thy scorn will kill me; Nature cannot save
 His Life, whom Love shall lead unto the Grave.
 O pity my perplexity, though rude
 In form, my Heart is full of Gratitude;
 My Mind's as smooth as pibble, tho' my hide
 Be rough, and I have other Gifts beside,
 May sign my Patent for a Ladies clip,
 Though I confess my Hair will hurt her lip:
 What e're this Wood affords shall call thee Lord,
 So thou wilt deign but Love for Love t'afford.

A D O N I S.

*Hence bristled Monster, can'st thou hope
 My Love, I'll first imbrace a Rope,
 And on some fatal Touth resign
 My Life, foul Monster, filthy Swine;
 I will procure a Guy of Warwick,
 Though I explore from hence to Berwick*

Chap. II: *Don Zata del Fogo.* 113

*(If thou desist not) that shall wear,
Thy Head upon his charmed Spear.*

B O A R,

Nay, then 'tis time to cast off all remorse,
For when Intreaties fail, to practice force,
Is Orthodox (*Adonis*,) by the Gods,
And their Celestial ever-blest abodes,
I must enjoy thee. —

*Here the Boar endeavouring to ex-
press Love to Adonis, wounds
his tender Skin with his Tusk
which kills him.*

A D O N I S.

—— O I'm slain,
This bawdy Boar hath wrought my bane.

B O A R,

Out alas, what have I done?
He is Dead as sure as Gun,
Fal'n like some Poplar (in his pride)
Planted by a River side,
Wounded by a Pelean Ax,
In Heaven now a Paralax:
O, O, ye infernal Juries,
Rhamnusia, and the Snake-hair'd Furies,
The Boar is in an extream Agony!
Ye Harpies, Hags and Gorgeons fell,
* Methinks I'm hurrying now to Hell,
Witness ye Powers above, that I
Was not Murtherous willingly,

I

I would

* Horror of Conscience.

I would have hug'd him, but mistook,
 And therefore (sure) may have my Book.
 Where shall I Bathe this vexed Body,
 Tormented to a Hoddy-Doddy?
 Within some gloomy Cave I'll pine,
 And never drink, nor never dine,
 Till I look like Salt and Piss,
 And *Hermes* summon me to *Dis*.

VENUS with the Graces.

V E N U S.

*Here he was wont to go, and here
 Tellus being proud to bare
 So rich a Burthen, — O my Heart,
 When with Adonis I did part:
 Just such a Sigh I fetch'd in sooth-la,
 I hope Jove will protect the Tenth-la
 From Scathe; sad Thoughts do clog my Soul,
 Which like to Neptune's Waves do rowl
 And ride on one another's backs,
 My nether Parts do melt like Wax,
 Or Butter in a hasting Ladle.
 What do I see, — do my Eyes dazzle?
 Or is Adonis drown'd in Gore.
 O Fortune thou most damned Whore,
 What hast thou done? lift heaven higher,
 Good Gaffar Atlas, that my Fire,
 Of rage may have full vent; no Stone is
 More cold then my (once dear) Adonis,
 His Nerve that wont to heave and stand
 Stiff as a Stake at my Command,*

Now

* The Goddess falls upon the dead Body of *Adonis*.

Now droops and hangs the Head, his Wounds
 Do yawn like chapt and parched Grounds.
 What Monster more then fell with Fang
 Of ruine wou'd destroy so young,
 So fair, so smooth, so deſt a Lad,
 Of whom ſuch Comfort Venus had.
 O, I am wild with Rage! thy Bulk
 (Dear Boy) in a rich Urn ſhall ſkulk,
 With rich Perfumes, and White-bread Crums
 Rich Odours, and Sabeau Gums.
 Take up the precious load my Graces,
 But ware he piſs not in your Faces;
 For ſo (ſome ſay) dead People do,
 This fatal Wilderneſs ſhall rue
 Thy ruine Adon, Tempeſts ſhall,
 Tear up the Oaks, the Elms; the ſmall,
 The great, the Fruitfull and the Barren,
 With a Horſe-pox, and a Murrain.
 Lead on and Weep till ye are blind, the while
 We ſeat Adonis on his Funeral Pile.

Venus and the Graces (carrying the dead Adonis)
 being gone off, Tempeſts and Storms deſtroy the
 Wood, and nothing appears but a thick Stage, and
 a thin-jaw'd Poet, who thus Epiloguizes.

EPILOGUE.

THus have you ſeen Adonis dreary Fate,
 The Boar's ill luck, and Venus wretched State;
 Maſques are no common things, eſpecially ſuch,
 As this, that leans upon no Staff or Crutch;

*The Poet stands within biting his nails,
 Sometimes his hopes, sometimes his fear prevails :
 Troth he's a pretty Man, and comes as near
 The famous (Bi---dle) who has not his peer.
 As any be alive ; If this don't like ye,
 Next || time Cupido comes and Madam Psyche,
 You shall have finer matters to delight ye.*

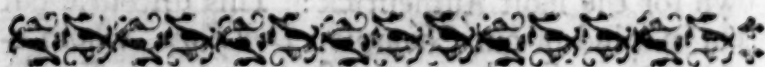
This Masque (as how could it chuse) found a general applause, not so much as one Critick in so great a croud ; but by this time half the night was spent, so that Prince *Paraclet*, *Emanfor*, *Maulkina*, and *Dowcabel*, betook themselves to their rest, whose example the Courtiers of both sexes followed, only the Knights (*Zara* excepted) resorting to the place where they had supp'd some hours before, resolve to salute *Somnus* with a bowl of *Bacchus* his blood, drinking so deep, that ye would have thought every Man there Master of more * *Amethists* then one, so that the place where they were, seem'd the very Bower where the blith Delphick God tipples Sack, and keeps his *Baccanalias* ; but while they were quaffing *Zara* was sleeping, but he little imagines what plots are even now (at this ominous hour of night) contriving against him, for the Knights Errant being now (in their own conceits) discreeter then *Socrates* or *Solon*, and valianter then *Achilles* or *Alexander* the Great, began every Man to pride himself in

|| A mock Masque intended for the Press.

* A kind of shining pibble found in the Desarts of *Devonshire*, which whosoever shall butter and bury in his belly in a Morning fasting, shall be sure to shun drunkenness that day.

in his own praise, and to enumerate the many Combats and perillous Atchievements they had been guilty of; this Man having vanquished the Knight of the Moon, and Seven Stars, who had nine fingers upon each hand, was full six yards in height, and was thought able to rout a Royal Army; this having taken in that Cittadel, mauger, the opposition of a thousand Men; a third having rescued the *Persian Sophy*, when surrounded with twelve Millions of *Turks*, who were leading him captive to *Constantinople*; these vapours dissipated, they began to discourse every man of his Horse, Armour, and Shield, &c. each maintaining his own for the most Authentick: This discourse put 'em in mind of our Champion *Don Zara*, whom every one censured as he listed, only the Knight of the Pudding (for so was *Don Pantalone* the Knight of *Malta* called, because of the *Jack-Pudding* in his Shield) was most vehement, who articulated against him as a Man both insipid and incapacious as to Military Atchievements; this was the Knight whose Horse, Armour, Shield, &c. was made *Zara's* by miracle, being (by an unparalell'd providence) drag'd to shoar by Fishermen, and by them conferr'd on our Champion, as the first Chapter of this Book has inform'd; for *Don Pantalone* (being bound for *No-land*) was ship-wrack'd on those very Seas where our Champion was cuf't over-board, and was the only mortal except a *Spartane Spaniel*) that escaped the danger (as it seems) by the agility of his Arms, and now this most dangerous and degenerate Knight (envying the boon of Heaven) would recover those Emoluments by force, which (no doubt) were worthily torn from him by the fraud of Fate, openly owning the Horse, Armour, and Shield, and execrably

protesting that he would be Master of them within forty hours, or leave his dead body as a witness of his Divorce ; this Resolve was highly praised by some, and as much cry'd down by others ; but *Pantalone* was too proud to hearken to dehortments, and therefore (betwixt drunk and sober) he wrote a Challenge, desiring the Knight of the Ape (for so was *Don-La-Fisk* the Knight of *Sardinia* called, because of the Ape playing on a Jews-Trump in his Shield) to carry it about. † eight in the Morning to our Champion *Don Zará* ; This done, (being scarce able to tittle any longer) the Knights adjourned their House for some hours.



C H A P. IV.

Don Zará first appears in the Lists, where Don-la-Fisk presents him with Pantalones Challenge ; His stern reply. Duke-la-Fool with two thousand armed Knights enters the Lists, and is totally routed by Zará. He is deeply enamour'd on the Lady Madona-del-Simplicia, to whom he directs an Epistle, &c.

THE Sun had no sooner seated himself in his flaming Throne, but the Heralds (by sound of Trumpet) warned the Knights Errant to meet in the Palace-yard, there to betake themselves to the business of the day, but those intoxicating fumes

† The time that all challenges ought to be carried, or not at all. See the Ordinance concerning Duels.

fumes that usually attend ebriety, had so sealed up their senses; that you would have thought Knight Errantry both dead and buried, had not the truly valiant and most redoubted *Don Zara del Fogo* appeared (with *Soto*) compleatly Armed, mounted on his couragious Courser, whom he called after the name of his late lost Plalfrey, *Founder-foot*, and brandishing his bright weapon (like another *Athorides*) he seemed to denounce Defiance to all under the Cope; nor, indeed, was he over confident of his Abilities, though having had but little experience hitherto of his own Fortitude; for by instinct (as it were) he on the sudden became sensible of the wondrous vigour absconded in the Mysterious folds of his charmed Belt, which (as by a providence unthought of, or unseen) could protect him from the edge of ravenous steel, tho' Tilted at him by the same * Man that tore off *Achelous* his horn, and (being in a rage) threw it into *Troy-novant*, where being taken up (as if it had been sent from Heaven) it became the † City badge, though (I know not for what cause) it be not quartered with their Arms; he had not long travers'd the lists, but the Knight of the Ape, *Don la Fisk*, on foot, only with his Battle-Ax and bastinado, saluted him, proposing a written paper unto him, which put our Champion into much perplexity, not that he dreaded a Challenge from the most approved Knight in the World, but lest he should be liable to the castigation of the censorious, as one not acquainted with Alphabetical Tables; but

* See *Mistagogus Poeticus*, or the Muses Interpreter, fol. 20000.

† *Cornucopia*.

his ingenuity (by a most apt contrivance) prevented the Murder of his Fame, for (as despising so trivial an imployment) he called for Soto with as much indignation as haste, who came tremblingly to receive the mandates of his Master; the Champion gave him a check for his non-residency, but yet with so calm a Countenance, that he might behold him without blasting: Here quoth Zara, read the Contents of this Paper, which done, fold it up for Bum-fodder; Soto receiving the Scrole, found it fraught with this very Language.

SIRRAH,

THough I cannot prove how, || or where thou attainedst those Glorious Arms, that Achilean Shield, and that strong Steed, yet I will make it good on thy Carrion Corse, that thou camest Felloniously by them; they are mine, and as mine I demand their speedy surrender, as thou wouldst escape being beaten, abominably beaten; I will not raile on ye, but I will Cudgel and kick ye most Heroick Champion; therefore (if thou beest wise) speedily uncase and dismount thy self, sending my Horse, Armour, and Shield, else expect no mercy, from

DON PANTALONE.

Soto was so amazed with the terrible tenor of this Epistle, that he could scarce prolong his breath to pronounce his name that thus menaced his Master; but from Zara's eyes you might perceive flashes of subtil lightning, incessantly streaming,
* his

|| The Challenge,

Chap. III. *Don Zara del Fogo.* 121

* his face was strangely altered, Death sat upon his front in a new shape, more dreadful then ever Painter yet fancied him, so that *Don-la-Fisk* (a Man otherwise stout enough) was lost to his wonted courage, and began to repent him of his ready undertaking so mortal a Message, to whom after a bite of the lip, and a little pause, our Champion returned this Answer.

I Know not, said he, whether my Clemency would be greater in sparing, or my justice in sacrificing thy life (lost Man) who hast had the boldness to present me with this putrid Paper, from him whose limbs shall shortly feast the Fowls of the Air; did ever so Voluminous a vaunt find Foundation on so vain a confidence? What is this fellow? or from whence? but No-land shall not shelter him from my Vengeance were he Wall'd in with Dragons, and arm'd with the same Thunder that Jove is; as for you, though you have justly merited the weight of my anger, yet I will adjourn your Fate, for no other reason, but that you return my Answer to the slave that sent you.

Having uttered this (in a tone that sufficiently manifested the mightiness of his wrath) he put spurs to his horse galloping up and down the Lists with such fury, that the ground groaned under his Horses hoofs, when behold *Don Pantalone* (as eager of Combat as himself) rode up to him with the highest Valour and Resolution, charging him with his drawn Sword; Our Champion (who would have been fighting with any Man) imagined that
this

* *Zara's* Indignation having heard *Pantalones* Defiance,

this was he who had so grossly abused him, and had there put a period to his life, had not *Duke la Fool* with two thousand armed Knights just then entered the Lists; *Duke la Fool* was armed much like that haughty Pagan King *Feragus*, of whom the most excellent of our *English* † Poets thus Sings.

——— *With a Shirt of Mail,
A Helmet of strong Brass
upon his Head,
A Shield of the same Mettal,
which to fail,
Was not ordain'd,
a Sword two bandfuls broad, instead
of pondrous Club,
he bore a well-grown Oak,
Which threatned certain death
at every stroak.*

This caused the two Knights to forbear one another, and turn their fury upon these Strangers, what *Homeric* or *Virgilian* Pen can perfectly paint the admirable deeds done by *Don Zara*, who (being invulnerable) had soon sent five hundred of *Duke la Fools* Knights to *Dis*; so that Prince *Paraclet*, *Emansor*, and the Nobility of *No-land* (being awakened by the trampling of Horses, and the clashing of Armour) forsook their beds, and stood to behold the conflict on the Battlements of the Palace, imagining that *Mars* himself was descended from

† *Martin Parkers* Heroick Poem, called *Valentine and Orsen*, Dedicated to all the Nobles and Gentry of either Sex, throughout this Nation.

from Heaven, in the shape of Man; How did they praise his Prowess? how magnifie his Magnanimity? By this time the Knights had taken the Alarm, and as one Man came to their assistance; But O ye vindictive Powers, what a slaughter was then commenc'd! Here some lay spewing out of their hearts blood, there others headless; here one without arms, there another without legs, environ'd with a Lake of Blood; nor did the fury of the Fight take any to mercy, save *Duke la Fool* himself, and six more, who being made captive, were carried to Prince *Paraclet* and *Emanfor*, who immediately rewarded || their treachery with the loss of their heads: Twelve of *Paraclets* Knights were slain in this bloody encounter; but *Zara* (covered over with blood and sweat, by a Messenger from the Princes) was singled out from the rest, and brought before Prince *Paraclet*, *Emanfor*, *Maulkina*, and *Dowcabel*, who affording him the respects due to the Deity, attributed the Victory, together with their preservations (in so eminent hazard) meerly to his Valour, enquiring his name and countrey, to the first he yielded a ready response, but to the other he answered in very obscure terms; the Princes and all there admire the Mans valour, but more his modesty, imagining him a Saint as well as a Soldier, for what *Syntax* is there betwixt a Helmet and a Cap of Maintenance; the Princess *Maulkina* gave him many amorous glances, and no doubt had fixed her affection on him, had she not doubted his acceptance, being deceived with the colour of his Countenance; indeed a Warlike Ammunition face,

yea

|| *Duke la-Fool* Beheaded.

yea so preter-natural, that it seem'd rather a Viz-zard then a face, but his mind more smooth then polished Pewter, and softer then the Ravens feather, as may appear by his being surprized (even now in the height of his Anger, when his illustrious soul moved in the very *Apogaum* of Death and Vengeance, so much was he incensed against the Knight of the Pudding) with one of the Princess' waiters, named *Madona del Simplicia*, a Creature of a most excellent form :

*Her gallant grey eyes,
Like Stars in the skies,
Denoted the whiteness of her two thighs.*

Her face Rivalling the fairest of the Fatal Sisters ; this is the Goddess to whom our Champion offers his vows, to this fair Idea he paid his zealous Orisons, calling her the Throne of Pleasure, and the very Promontory of perfection, yet (such a bashfulness was he born withal) could not our Champion (though he earnestly endeavoured it) compel his tardy tongue, to deliver of what his heart dictated, though his soul (which brought its sacred fire with it) did (mentally) present her with wounded Oblation burning on her own brick Altar, offered up with as real a devotion as ever *Cupid* elevated any ; but his love was very ill placed, for *Simplicia*, though fair of face, had a heart more rough then the Posteriors of a Bear, nor did she so much as return one smile to the Champion, who for a long time had earnestly gazed upon her, a thing that Prince *Paraclet* and all there took special notice of, but were most stricken with wonder, when they beheld the Champion (without so much as taking his leave) fling away,
and

Chap. III. *Don Zara del Fogo.* 125

and mount himself with as much haste, as he had even then been Petitioned by some pensive Lady, for the enfranchisement of her captivated Lord held in durance by some horrible Giant.

* O *Zara, Zara*, these memorable Loves mentioned in those Authentick Histories of *Parismus, The Knight of the Sun*, or the Ingenious *Don Quixot-de-la-Mancha*, upon the barren Mountains of *Morena*, bewailing the disdain of the Lady *Dulcina-del-Tolosa*, are but Leaden Legends, compared with thy more solid sufferance, in whose breast the little God seems solely to have seated himself as in some Magnificent Metropolis, where he keeps his Court and gives Laws to the Nations of the Earth

But while the Princes and the rest were diversly censuring this Act of *Zara's*, he (with an Arrow in his bosom) had gained his lodgings, Love that in others causes affability, has in him a clean contrary operation, † as the Language of his face sufficiently demonstrated, looking so furiously that none durst speak to him, his Secretaty *Soto* excepted, who took the priviledge to talk to him, and demand the cause of this so sudden change.

Ah *Soto, Soto*, said the Champion, he whom neither Duke *la-Fool* nor his thousand Knights, whom the Knight of the Pudden *Don Pantalone*, nor all the Champions, Giants, Monsters, Satyrs, Devils, and Dragons can vanquish, is now overcome with the looks of a weak, and (for ought I know) wanton Woman, her face is continually in
my

* The Author is in a pitiful plight for his good Champion.

† Sir Dr. *Belwers* Language of the feet, *Tom. 9:*

my fancy, and I must enjoy her, to cease or be mortal.

Sir, said *Soto*, this is no such prodigy as you would insinuate; your Predecessor the great *Hercules*, after all his Victories and Conquests, became a slave to his own Cod-piece, and (by *Omphale's* appointment) spun Snooe-makers thread, which imployment he plyed to purpose all the day, not wishing any Sallary but to unravel at night: Was not the Good Sir *Guy* flouted by *Philida* into a bondage, cost him much blood and sweat e'er he could wriggle himself into her imbraces? *Jove* himself has been a Bull e'er now, meerly to back *Io* the white faced Cow? If then the greatest of Gods, and the most eminent among Men, have been Vassals to *Venus*; and captives to *Cupid*; it had been strange if you (my Lord) who are a God, a Heroe, and what not, should not (at least) taste what they fed on almost to a surfeit, nor need you despair of a prosperous success, for what Woman (though Mistress of more beauty then *Loves Queen*, or dignifi'd with more Sovereign command then *Semiramis*) would not meet your motion half way, and bless that Fate that furnished her with such Magnetick perfections, to attenuate the Love of so brave a Man. Thou art excellent, quoth *Zara*, at versification, pen me presently a Copy of Verses, such as may gain thy self a never-fading fame, and me the fruition of her who is my Fate, upon whose smiles or frowns my Destiny depends || My Lord, quoth *Soto*, I have only sip'd of *Helicon*, and taken a nap or two upon *Parnassus*, but as I
can,

|| *Soto's* extream modesty, who though a most excellent Poet, will not vaunt himself of his own abilities.

Chap. IV. *Don Zara del Fogo.* 127

can, I will ; so having taken off a bowl of Me-reotick Wine, he took Pen in hand, and wrote these numbers.

F*Air Nymph, whose beauties all admire,
Whose face does set the World on fire ;
Within whose brow (above the beak)
The Graces play at Barley-break,
Whose every curl a Cupid hides.
And many a sightless God besides :
Let not, O let not thy dire scorn,
Make me wish th' hadst ne're been born,
Or being born (since I am shotten)*

*E'er this thou hadst been dead and rotten
I am no vulgar Suppliant (Sweet)
No Parish-Child found in the street ;
My name is Zara, who of late
Encountering La Fool, broke his pate,
And sent his Errant Knights (poor men-a)
Unto the bottom of Gehenna ;
Thou mayst be proud of this my proffer,
For 'tis my first and only offer ;
Tho Love I prostrate unto thee,
The mightiest Queens have begg'd of me ;
Marthesia was once my Mistress,
With Antiopa, and Thalestris,
Women that did great fame deserve
For handling Sword as well as Nerve :
O let not then thy coines plunder
His life, whom nought can kill but thunder.*

Your Beauties Vassal

DON ZARA DEL FOGO.

These

These deathless Verses having had *Zara's* approbation, were seal'd up in the form of an Epistle, and thus Superscribed :

For the most Magnetick, Illustrious, and divine Lady, Madona del Simplicia.

Soto himself was the Messenger, being hastened by *Zara* to a speedy departure.



CHAP. V.

Soto comes to Court, and delivers his Master's Letter to the Lady Madona del Simplicia. Her scornful Reply. The Champion (being transported with passion) strikes Soto on the face. Soto turns upon his Master: A cruel Combat betwixt them. Zara meeting with Don Pantalone, there happens a bloody and dreadful Fight. Soto's death and revival.

IT was now about the hour when every man expected its meal, when *Soto* came to the Palace, where he found the Lady *Madona-del-Simplicia*, with the Princesses *Maulkina* and *Dowcabel* at Dinner, and was forced (to his great grief,) to wait in the Lobby till the time of exercising the Teeth was over; the Custom of the *No-landers*, being quite different from other Nations, they never inviting any stranger to eat or drink, out of

of a conceit (it seems) that by their so doing they should prejudice the Sellers of Roast or Boyled in the City, who paid great Taxes to the Prince, and were ever the first who * waited upon him to the Wars at their own Charges; so that Soto having attended long with much impatience, was admitted to the presence of the Lady *Simplicia*, to whom (after many mannerly cringes) he presented his Master's Letter; the Lady, though she courteously receiv'd it, did not seem the least taken with the tenour, but having afforded a slight perusal, she † put it (not as SOTO expected in her Bosome) in her Pocket, returning the Champion this Answer:

“ That she did wonder a Man of a strange
 “ Country, who for ought she knew was no more
 “ than a pretender to Arms, should be possessed
 “ with so bold a confidence to Court her by Letter, whom he had never so much as spoken to;
 “ she willed him to forbear for the future any
 “ more to solicit her by Letter, lest he involv'd
 “ himself in a Labyrinth, out of which he could
 “ not escape, but with the forfeiture of his Life;
 “ adding that if it were he (as she believed it
 “ was) who departed from the Presence in the
 “ Morning, in so mad, or rather Clownish a manner, she could not think him fit for any Society, save those of the Black-Guard, being either not well in his Wits, or a Coridonical
 “ Coxcomb,

K

Having

* His Life-guard.

† But though the Lady seemed to slight his Verses in publick, she often made use of them in a Private place.

Having said this, she flung away, her Gesture expressing the highest disdain, leaving *SOTO* in as much amazement as *Ulysses's* followers, when they felt themselves gradually giving up their Manly shapes for that of Swine. What should poor *SOTO* do? to return to his Master with this nipping Answer, were to endanger his Skin, and for to stay in this Inhospitable Place were to starve his Stomach; for a long time he stood like a Man Soul-less; but at last his hunger overcame the thought of danger, and he set forward towards his Master's Lodgings, who guess'd the very event of the business by his face; but wisely disguising his fear, he cheerfully demanded what Answer the Lady had sent him. My Lord, said *Soto*, such an one as neither befits me to relate, nor you to hear; suffice it, she is a proud, disdainful contumacious Woman, and is as likely to be won by your endeavours, as it is probable to make *Minerva* my Minion. This rather increas'd than mitigated the Champions inquiry, who commanded him, as he would avoid his wrath, to declare the whole carriage of the business. Since you will have it so, said *Soto*, know that she not only condemn'd your confidence for daring to importune her, but bespattered you with the odious Epithets of Clown and Coxcomb. Death of my Soul! said *Zara*, thou art always (like the Raven) croaking my infortunity and disgrace, and I believe a cherisher rather than a confronter of those that calumniate me, in saving this being transported with choller) he gave *Soto* so grievous a blow on the face, that it made him * totter
thirty

* The Champion's invincible strength.

thirty paces from him, the blood gushing out of his Nose very violently; so that *Soto*, who (as it seems) had never before seen any such sanguinary flux, imagined himself wounded mortally, beyond all hope of escape, the grief whereof so exasperated him, that it gave him (as it were) a new Soul, just when he look'd for no less than a separation of Soul and Body; and (O Villany!) he resolv'd to take vengeance on his Master as his Murtherer, and accordingly (with the highest courage) came up to the teeth of *Zara*, * striking him twice or thrice on the chaps, in a most butcherly manner; it was long e're the Champion (so great was his astonishment at this impudence of *Soto*) could believe both what he saw and felt; but having pregnant proof that *Soto* was indeed in earnest, and of a Secretary and an Assistant, was become a Serpent and an Assassinate, he redoubled his blows with inexpressible indignation, which *Soto* not only receiv'd, but retorted with almost equal force, so that the Combat grew both dangerous and dreadful, and it was hard to determine which of they two should first purchase the Palm of Victory; for *Soto* (firmly conceiting that his latest hour was come) had sworn to his own Soul to take his Master with him to *Tartarus*. This cruel contest continued for half an hour, 'till the Champion (as scorning to struggle any longer with his Slave) closing with *Soto*, † compelled him to the Earth; and now having this *Typhon* down, good reason that he overwhelm him with Mountain, therefore he loaded his Breast with the weight of

K 2

his

* The outrageous conflict between *Don Zara* and his Servant *Soto*.

† Being acquainted (it seems) with that slight of heel which Oresters call the Cornish Hug.

of his bulk, ever and anon affording him a cuff or two, which *Soto* not knowing how to retaliate but with his Teeth, at one snap snatch'd away the tip of the Champion's Nose, which (with a Sardinian simile) he forced in his face ; who now was skrew'd up to the highest key of anger, and therefore drawing his Knife, he cruelly cut off both the Ears of *Soto*, attempting (O Scythion ferity) to cram the new-cropt dowcers down his throat ; by this one act of barbarity he for ever disabled *Soto*, who now concluded himself as dead as a pickled herring, and accordingly postured himself as one fit for a Funeral ; which caused the Champion (who ever abominated to insult over a dejected, or dead *Foe*) to forbear the farther prosecution of his rage, and imagining he had most certainly slain his Servant and Secretary, he presently harnessed himself, and mounting his strong Steed (as if haunted with Furies, like *Orestes* or *Orlando*) he put Spurs to his Palfray (all bedewed as he was with *Soto's* blood) with a resolve to find out *Don Pantalone*, the Knight of the PUDDING, and in one Day to rid the World of two of his terriblest Enemies ; his Eyes had scarce lost the sight of his Lodgings, where he beheld *Pantalone* riding towards him in shining Armour, his Sword drawn in his hand. *Zara* was something abashed to meet him so pat, yet scorning to have his Man of War sunk by a Sculler, he also drew his Blade, and coming within six yards of him, said,

' Art thou that unmanner'd and degenerate
' Knight, that but yesterday didst send me a de-
' fiance by the Knight of the *Jackanapes*, challen-
' ging this Steed, Arms, Shield, and Sword, as
' thine, and threatning to cudgel and kick me, in
' case

Chap. IV. *Don Zara del Fogo.* 133

'case I deliver'd them not up into thy Custody,
'as the true Owner.

Yes, said *Pantalone*, I am that very Man, and will justifie that Challenge, proving with my li'e, that thou art an Errant Thief, and no Knight Errant; the shame of Knighthood, and the stain of Honour.

In saying this, he gave his Steed a prick with his Spur, who (as *Pantalone* had Educated him) took a leap, which convey'd his Rider so near our Champion, that striking him on the Mouth with his Hand and Gauntlet, he dislocated no less than four of his foremost Teeth; what can we fancy how much our Champion was exasperated with this treacherous indignity; therefore spitting his useles Grinders in *Pantalone's* face (with such fury, that he had almost unhorsed him) * he gave the Knight of the Pudding so manly a blow on his Helmet, that he had cloven him to the waste, had not his Cap of Steel been created by the *Chalybes*, and dipped in the River of *Bilboe*; *Pantalone* (who had never before felt such force) fate upon his Horse back with a shivering amazedness, but at length recollecting himself, he seemed to make ample amends for his late stupidity, by giving *Zara* a wide wound on his right Arm, which could not have hapned had our Champion's Belt being girt about him, by virtue whereof he defied the dint of Sword, but (by the appointment of some malevolent power) that miraculous Girdle (being broken in the midst by the vigorous motion of his

K 3

Body,

* The dreadful Combate between *Don Zara*, and *Don Pantalone*.

Body, while he encountred with *Duke la Fool* and his 10000 Knights) fell from his waste the Day before; so that now (like the slack-finew'd *Hebrew* Gyant, with his hair off, he was no more than a very Mortal, and yet the greatness of his Spirit for a long time supplied that insupportable loss, and he received wound upon wound with incredible patience; Nor was the Knight of the *Pudding* wholly exempted from danger (for to a Knight on Horse-back, as is storied of the Centaurs, he that wounds the Beast gashes the Man) his Courser being wounded in the Neck, and having a considerable cut over the nostril, so that *Pantalone* was every minute in fear that his Steed should swoon under him, and lie down with the loss of blood; in the mean time *Zara's* Wounds were multiplied, yet his Heart not molified, resolving rather to die courageously, than to make a cowardly Resignation of his Horse, Armour, Shield and Sword, and which was more than all, his Person; besides he had sufficiently tired himself (one would think) in the late Battel against *Duke la-Fool* and his confederates; add to this his dismal Engagements with *Soto*, and therefore ought to have been excused from Warlike imployment (at least) for some Months. What could *Themistocles*, *Theomenes*, *Hanibal*, *Alexander*, or the mighty *Monteleon*, Knight of the Oracle have done more; the excessive loss of blood so enfeebles him, that he is scarce able to brandish his blade, or to keep the Saddle, unless he grasp the pommel; which *Pantalone* perceiving (like a good and gracious Knight) exhorted him to yield himself, and with the price of his Sword, Steed, Armour and Shield, to purchase a delivery from eminent death; I will, quoth *Pantalone*, not only spare
thy

thy Life, but be thy conduct to thy Lodging, thy Wounds shall be sowed up by skilful Surgeons, and thy Body brought to a warm Bed; our Champion is now more † vanquished by courtesie than by strength, being so much taken with this kind proffer of *Pantalone*, that alighting (though with much ado, by reason of his faintness) he took his Horse by the Bridle, and humbled himself at *Pantalone's* feet.

Lo here, quoth he, what not all the steel of Toledo, nor † Bryareus, though each Hand of his had managed a Sword could have compassed, is effected by thy peerless candour, receive this Shield, this good Sword, these Arms, and this sturdy Steed as my gift (my worth will command more where ever Destiny shall drive me.)

The Knight of the *Pudding* (with a smile) received what our Champion so willingly surrendered, and seating himself on *Founder-foot*, afforded *Zara* a being at his back, leading his own Horse in his hand (a thing that administered some cause of distast to our Champion; but having taken a Truce with his Enemy, he would not be the first should break it) riding on till he came to *Don Zara's* Lodgings, the People gazing upon him all the way very wistly, and whispering vituperatively with our Champion, heard well enough, but discreetly took no notice, being now become the very Emblem of the Golden Age, when a Pidgeon shall converse with Vultures; nor was *Pantalone* perfidious, but in order to his promise) very courteously caused a skilful Chyronist to be

K 4

call'd,

* *Zara's* remarkable placability.

|| A German Fencer having a hundred Hands.

called, himself beholding those wounds which his Hands had lately given carefully closed, up and the bruised Champion laid in his Bed, of whom having taken leave, he returned (with his Horse, Armour, Shield, and Sword) to the Knight of the Ape, and his other Companions.

It were needless to narrate what flouting, and what fleeing there was amongst the bundle of Knights about this business of *Don Zara*, every Man censuring as his fancy guided. The course of the History commands us to leave them to the guidance of their Fate, and return to *Soto* (earless *Soto*) whom we lately left dead on the floor, all be-mangled by his Master; long time it was (though he felt the palpitations of his heart and pulse, and that he was as warm as a new-beaten Bailiff) before *Soto* could be convinced of his Heresie, or believe himself to be alive; * first he moved an Arm, then a Leg, and at last took such heart of grace, that he courageously leapt upon his feet, but the sight of his new-lopt Ears had almost laid him along again; nevertheless (with trembling) he at length took up his Lugs, and having heedfully wrapt them up in Paper, put them in his Pocket, till time should furnish him with opportunity to afford them the Rites of Sepulture; being thus out of all doubt, that he was now as other Mortals, save for some maims which he was resolved to keep from being seen by the help of his Hair, he began to be somewhat comforted; but that very sort of sorrow which in others occasion drought, causes in him hunger, a
sharp

sharp appetite to meat; he therefore began to consider what was become of his Master *Don Zara Del Fogo*, and to curse himself for opposing him as an equal, whom he ought to have adored as a Sovereign; having therefore resolved to find him out, (and if it were possible) to reconcile himself, he resorted to the Host of the House where his Master resided, and very demurely demanded whether *Don Zara del Fogo* his Lord and Master were at home or abroad, in the Camp or the Court, answer was made, that he was just now conveyed to his Bed (being much wounded) by a strange Knight, who seemed no other than he that had fought with him; *Soto* therefore enquiring what manner of Man he was, and what Arms he wore, knew assuredly, that it was the Knight of the *Pudding*, *Don Pantalone*; he therefore resolutely went up to his Master's Chamber, but found the door fast locked, for the Champion having had his Wounds bound up, and being laid in a soft Bed, had betaken himself to rest; *Soto* knocked twice or thrice very soberly, but receiving no answer, he multiplied his strokes, so long till *Zara* being awakened, demanded who was there? *Soto* retorted, Your Servant and Secretary *Soto*; at which the * Champion (imagining by this time he had been laid in Earth), became much amazed, and in a distracted tone cried out:

I beseech thee, thou Spirit of wronged Soto, return to thy rest, and vex not him with thy clamours, who shall shortly visit thee in the other World.

Soto

* *Zara* takes *Soto* for a Ghost. See *Feltham's Resolves*, the third Century, page 100000.

Soto replied :

My Lord, we are both more happy than you conceit, I am alive, and Master of the same faculties of flesh that you are.

At this the Champion scrambled out of his Bed, and opening the Door, Soto supported him to his former station, where being laid, he enquired of Soto how and by what means he escaped ; who related to him every particular both of his Death and Revival : I shall the more cheerfully welcome Death, said the Champion, that thou art alive ; he then began to discourse what had hapned lately betwixt him and the Knight of the *Pudding*, and in the close of all commanded Meat to be brought, and was confirmed that Soto was no Ghost by his eating : By this time it grew late, *Cynthia* being mounted in the highest of her five and twenty Mansions, the Champion therefore, having imbraced Soto, permitted him to depart, and slunk down into his Bed the second time.



C H A P, VI.

The Champion recovered of his wounds, but inwardly vexed at Simplicia's scorn, is comforted and restored by Soto's excellent Oratory. He and Soto forsake their Lodging to avoid an after reckoning. Having left No-Land, they arrive in a continent where the Champion finds the winged Hog, promised him by Lamia; He and Soto mounting their bristled Beast, are carried through the Air, meeting with many strange Adventures.

O U R Champions exterior wounds are not so wide but they may easily admit of cure, were not his Interiours mortally vexed with the vigorous pangs of Love the scorn of his Mistress *Simplicia* stuck Needles at his heart; his sick soul is surrounded with dolour, each thought is a thrust, and every cogitation a Carbonado.

* O Love, Love, said he, thou least of bulk, but greatest in strength of all the Powers immortal, what has *Don Zara* done unto thy Deity, that thou art so partial in thy dispensations, emptying thy Quiver at his breast, and not aiming so much as one Arrow at her whose heart is more hard then *Scythian* Ice, or the scales of Dragons; Did not *Gyle* wash my head with warm Urin, and *Simplicia* slight my Addresses as I had rather been a Lowt then a Lord, a Coxcomb then a Champion, and a Knave Rampant then a Knight Errant; were my strength equal to my will, I would break thy Bow and Bolts about thy Ears, and write thy Elegy with a Quill pluck'd from thy own wing.

With

* *Zara's* doleful Complaint.

With these and the like fascinatorous fancies, he wearied himself almost all that night, but Phœbus flinging about his Rays to illuminate the World, Soto resorted unto him, using all possible perusasion to assuage his grief, but (alas) to no purpose, for the Fistula of Love had seized upon his very fundamentals, so that though he grew every day more and more healthy, being now able to eat and drink devoutly, and traverse his Chamber as nimbly as a *Berkshire* Squirrel, yet within he was more sickly then a Subburb Letcher, or a drawl'd Prostitute, fitting her self for Fluxation, which Soto perceiving, thought it his duty to take him to task, and to endeavour to drive this Devil of *Paphos* out of him.

How now my Lord, saith he, will you cast away that life which was given you to redeem others from death and destruction † for a Fis-gig, a flurt, a fickle, fantastick, fallacious foolish Female? What do we get by these Gim-cracks? Satiation of our lusts: What is this fruition we so much covet, but a kind of fulsome Recreation, that flags our Crests, and makes us look worse then stale Drunkards, or losing Gamesters that have sat up all night to undo themselves? Be your self (my Lord) the Son of *Mars*, and not the slave of *Venus*; these whim crown'd tumours un-man us all, and are at best but coveted calamities.

This Satyrical Oration so much prevailed with the Champion, that he was now quite changed into another Man; his heart which before was as soft as Curds, is now totally petrified, and more obdurate

† The Author disclaims this invective as none of his, but Soto's.

obdurate then steel or Hangmen ; so that he who some minutes since was Loves Creature, is now more then his Conquerour ; 'tis true he shed abundance of tears, sighing and sobbing, as was pitiful to see ; but these showers were but the preludiums to thunder-cracks. My Arms, my Sword, Shield, and Mace, but above all my Belt, the sad vicissitudes of two days have laid a foundation of miseries for many Ages, bitten by a Bear, baffled by *Gylo*, reproached by *simplicia*, and denuded by *Don Pontalone* ; what horror has Fortune yet to inflict ? My Lord, said *Soto*, Fortune was ever a Foe to Noble minds, letting others pass as not worthy her notice ; the tallest Trees and highest Towers are sometimes levell'd, when sheds and shrubs remain untouch'd : Engineers are sometimes blown up with their own Mines, when Mouse-trap Makers die meerly with sickness or age ; Dukes and Marquisses fall by the Bullet or the Ax, when Dunghil-Rakers and Maulsters out-live themselves ; Did you ever know a Gnat perish of the Pox, Goats and Monkeys destroy themselves with Doing ; that then which you look upon as the Indignation of Heaven, is the Indulgency of *Jove*, witness wise *Senecca*,

*Prosperity and happy Fortune finds
Out Tapsters, Tinkers, and untutor'd Hynds.*

O who can sufficiently express the force of Elocution ! Our Champion is so charmed with *Soto's* Philosophical Elocution, that he cares now no more for a Sword, then an Ape for a clog ; or for a Shield, then a Slave for a Bulls-pizzle ; Armour is but a kind of honourable luggage, the confidence whereof causes Cowardice ; and for Charm-
ed

ed Belts, and for such kind of infernal securities, he said that the Devils word and his oath were alike, and he was most safe that had least to do with him ; as concerning a Courser (he alledging that it was both dangerous and despicable to travel on foot) *Soto* informed that the very Highways and Hedges, but especially Meads and Marshy grounds would afford them a pair of Palfrays, Heightned with these Heroick Rudiments, the Champion and *Soto* (each grasping a staff or Truncheon in his hand) resolved to forsake *No-Land*, as a Continent only fertile in Fatalities, and to travel to the remotest parts of the Earth, but they would find Men more faithful, and Women more flexible ; One morning therefore, while *Aurora* was combing her Crisped Curls, *Sol* being yet soundly sleeping in the Lap of *Tbetis*, they thought it fit to convey themselves out of *Zardona-pola-Mancha* before their Host, or any of the household were stirring, the course of the Country carrying them through a Miry Lane, almost three furlongs in length, to their exceeding turmoil, but by the help of their Staves they vaulted over many deep Sloughs and Boggs, which otherwise might have been very baneful unto them.

Having brought this Land to a period, they found themselves entered into a large, but very pleasant Wood, here were Trees of Rosemary, far taller and bigger of bulk then any British Elm, with Beds of Cammomile six yards high, the Grass no goutier than that of other Climates, yet so incomparably stubborn, that the Champion and *Soto* passed over their tops without the least depressing of them, as on a Marble Pavement : In the midst of this Grove there ran a Rivulet, not so Christalline as they could have wish'd, in which
were

Chap. VI. *Don Zara del Fogo.* 123

were infinite numbers of Flying-Fishes, which sometime fought with one another in the Air with incredible fierceness, many being slain on both sides, but dropping into their native Element they are recover'd again.

These Feuds were maintained by these Aquatillians, meerly to please the Genius of the place, called *Diclon*, who sat (inviron'd with a Guard of Specters) at the root of a Palm-Tree, but his shape was so dreadful, that neither the Champion nor *Soto* durst stand him, and therefore they departed towards the East side of the Grove, where the Champion espy'd that race beast which *Lamia* the Inchantress had prophesied he should meet withal; this wondrous Creature had the shape of a Hog, but far bigger then an ordinary Horse, two wings expanding themselves on either side of him; his Saddle (very sumptuously imbossed with Gold) on his back, and his Bridle hanging-loosly about his neck; he was feeding very voraciously on the verdant Grass, his teeth serving as a Sickle with which he moved down all before him.

The Champion was so overcome with joy to behold this Beast, that he remained for a time speechless, but at length recovering himself; See *Soto*, said he, where the winged Hog (that gift of the Gods) long since assigned me by *Lamia*, offers himself to my disposal: He had no sooner said this, but (like a Couragious Knight) he made up to this plumed prodigy, who seemed to fawn on him like a Spaniel, and to be desirous of his service; The Champion finding him so gentle, immediately put the bit into his mouth, and leaping into Saddle, commanded *Soto* to get up behind him, who was once in the mind rather to desert his Master, then hazzard his Person
to

in so eminent a danger; but at length (O Man of desperation!) he forced himself to a compliance, and loaded the Crupper of this volatile Swine, who no sooner found himself burthened, but he quitted the Earth, and (like some flitting Fowl) made way with waving Wings, through the moist Air, while the Champion (like another *Bellerophon*) was carried over Land and Sea, to the infinite astonishment of all that beheld him, the People forsaking their houses, followed him in heaps, to feast their eyes with so unparallel'd an object; some thinking him to be *Hermes*, others some Magician, such as *Agrippa* or *Faustus*; having thus travelled many hundred leagues, he gave his Hog a check, who gently saluted the Earth, the Champion finding himself in the in-most parts of *Africk*, in one place he saw those kind of Devils called *Onoscelli*, with legs like unto Asses, in another place || *Ephialta* and *Hyphialta*, those very things that in the shapes of Men and Women, allure the very Mortals of both Sexes to Venery, whence it comes to pass that we have many *Harmaphrodical* Monsters amongst us even at this day, being (indeed) half Men and half Devils, but whether by the fathers or the mothers side, is not material.

No marvel if our Champion were not very well pleased with this place which afforded nothing for food, unless he would have fed upon the haunches
of

|| *Incubi* and *Sucubi* that leap upon Men and Women in their sleep; some ignorant Physicians say that these are nothing else but a Disease.

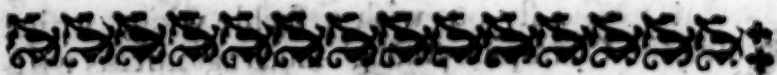
of a Hypocentature, or feasted on the fore-quarter of a Fiend; he therefore having seated Soto once more behind him, gave his winged Beast the Rein, who forsaking this duller Earth, cut a passage to the Clouds, travelling over the tops of Steeples and Towers, with admirable celerity

Ah *Zara! Zara!* had thy rude Father moistned thy minority with the Elements of the Arts, 'till thou hadst grown tall and tough in Scientifical knowledge, what excellent Cosmographical Volumes had the World been witness of? and thou (with *Julius Caesar*) have been as famous for thy Goose Quill in after Ages, as thou art now eminent for thy wondrous Hogg, and Heroick Resolution to visit strange Countries, but it's bootless to bewail a helpless ill, and to weep over the Bier will not bring the dead Man to Life again: Proceed we therefore with the Narration of our Champions admirable Adventures, who (as did *Soto*) *grew more and more pondrous every Minute, so that the Swine began to abate much of his swiftness, and fly but with a feeble wing, which caused the Champion (though much against his will, for he had not yet perused a place pat for his purpose) to salute the Earth a second time, but with the same Fortune he found before, this was part of *Lybia*, but not so full of Serpents as in *Cato's* time by reason that the River *Nilus* had broken that way, and made a fair riddance of these foul Creatures; here they found Men and Women

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* The emptiness of the craw causes the heaviness of the Carcass. See *Marriots Madrigals*, and *Wood of Kents Aphorism*.

men with heads like Dogs barking at one another most bitterly, and sometimes howling in a most hideous manner, the comfortable Sun, nor the continent Moon never beautified these barren grounds, only a certain Star appeared in the East part of the Horizon, which afforded a glimmering Lucency; the Champion and Soto were exceedingly perplex'd to find themselves now among Dogs, as lately among Devils, insomuch that had they worn Swords, ten to one, but they had slain themselves, but making a vertue of necessity (the Champion leading the winged Hog in his hand) they footed it with much swiftness 'till they came within sight of a Castle, situate upon a Rock, environ'd with many pleasant Trees; how joyous our Champion and Soto were to behold this Mansion (in all probability) made for Mortals to make merry in, let those that have been sensible of their sufferances relate.



*Here Time trips up the heels of thy bright story,
Renowned Don, vext at thy Valours glory;
Dragons may now securely sleep, and ugly
Deform'd Orks seem to look smooth and snugly;
Gyants may wield their Maces and their Oaks,
And knock down Knighthood with their strenuous
 stroaks:*

*Who now shall cure those Castles that are haunted?
Affording aid to Men and Beasts Inchantèd?*

None

Chap. VI. *Don Zara del Fogo.* 147

*None, none, for Zara sleeps (to gain new Vigour)
And who shall dare to rouse a snoring Tiger:
Let him that sings his Second Part drink smartly,
Of Sack and Sulphure, and then write most tartly.*

F I N I S.

